

CANADA'S

WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

AUGUST 18, 1997

A KILLER'S PLEA



**Clifford Olson's
bid for early release**

**Should a serial
murderer ever go free?**



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This Week

CANADA'S
WEEKLY
NEWSMAGAZINE

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COVER

A killer's plea

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From The Editor

Why a 'faint-hope' clause?



The origin of the debate about the so-called faint-hope clause for convicted murderers goes back to Canada's policies as it was played in the fall of 1975. At the time, the Liberal government of Pierre Trudeau, re-elected in 1974 with a comfortable majority, was planning to bring in wage and price controls. Then, in response to concern about public safety—the second issue in public opinion polls—there would be a so-called peace and security package—a kind of law 'n-order-North. The trouble for the Liberals was that a key feature of the new legislation was a controversial plan to abolish capital punishment for people convicted of premeditated murder. With polls showing that 70 per cent of Canadians favored hanging, the Trudeau Liberals decided, in effect, to throw away the key. The average was far poorer in those days was 15 years, so the new plan was to impose a mandatory jail term of up to 30 years.

Enter the small wing of the Liberal caucus, led by then-Sollicitor General Warren Allmand, who was responsible for the parliamentary service. He convinced Justice Minister Jean Bastard and his cabinet colleagues to reduce the maximum jail term to 25 years and then to allow members to have a chance to apply for an earlier release. Under a new section of the Criminal Code, passed in 1976, convicted murderers could go before a jury of their peers in search of an earlier release—thus the "faint-hope" clause was born.

That is the provision under which notorious serial killer Clifford Olson will open his appeal in a heavily guarded courtroom in New Westminster, B.C., on Aug. 18. Last week, I called Bastard at his seaside home on British Columbia's Sunshine Coast to get his

views about the impact of the legislation 20 years later. "It was very closely linked to capital punishment and discipline within the penitentiaries," said Bastard, now retired from his Vancouver law practice and living alone in Serenity, Alta., he added, was very influential in persuading the cabinet that "if people in prison had as

hope, there would be real custodial problems. By holding out 'faint hope,' it was felt we could maintain security and safety in the system. That weighed on me quite heavily." Bastard concedes that the Olson appeal will renew the anguish for relatives of his 11 known young victims, and first "there is a very deep public concern that dangerous people are going to get out." But, he adds, "there is no way that Olson is going to be walking around the streets of the Fraser Valley."

Bastard also recalls that a former colleague, lawyer Allan Williams, was the attorney general of British Columbia and sponsored Olson making a celebrated pact with Olson—his wife would get \$20,000 for each of the bodies that Olson helped as a lawyer to smother. As Bastard notes, "In the absence of that deal, they had no evidence." Olson would never have been convicted.

Now, Olson comes back into the public glare, where he seems to relish the role of provocateur and archetypal bad guy. It is not likely to win his bed for early release, but his hearing is a chilling, real-life example of how public policy can be used for good and treated for evil.

Robert Lewis

Newsroom Notes:

Beyond the news

In addition to reporting on the annual premier's meeting and the amazing Apple Macintosh deal, this week's news often flows in-depth pieces on widely known the man serial killer Clifford Olson's bid next week for early release from page 120, the state of India 50 years after independence (page 26), and the Elvis Presley phenomenon, 20 years after his death (page 34).

Vancouver Bureau Chief Chris Wood shares the concern of the

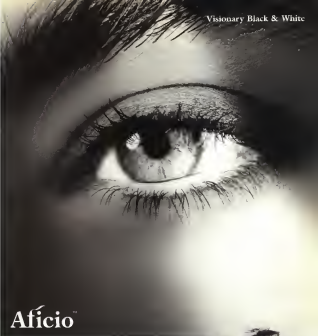


Philip: Warren Allmand, the disability of Olson, before and now in India



editors that putting the focus on Olson would simply lead to an appetite for publicity and revive the honor for families of his victims. At the same time, the cover package raises important issues about Canadian law and the treatment of convicted murderers. Senior Writer Norm Morris spent 10 days in India for a report examining both the new urban boom and the growing fact, as the notes, that "a population 1.0 times the size of Canada's still barely gets enough to eat." As for Elvis, he is still dead. But, says Washington Bureau Chief Andrew Phillips, he "has staying power because he can be anyone you want him to be: young or old, fat or fit, hip or corny. Like any good myth, the myth of Elvis is extremely flexible."

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Backstage



Anthony Wilson-Smith

The legacy of Jean Lesage

To most Canadians below a certain age, the name of Jean Lesage is known only—if at all—as the Father of Quebec's Quiet Revolution of the early 1960s. Eloquent, eloquent, and unambiguously blessed with regally, he served as Quebec's premier for six tumultuous years, before his quiet election loss to Daniel Johnson in 1966. Despite his short time in office, few premiers have ever translated their promise more, or in better ways, among other things. Under Lesage, the province established the first education department, and the civil service was expanded and modernized to the point that today it is the envy of counterparts in most other provinces.

But Lesage's achievement, as the end, was treated far beyond Quebec: his quest for more provincial powers has been taken up by almost all premiers—and as the shopping list has grown, so has the potential for dispute. All that was on display last week, as Canada's 38th annual Premiers' Conference, just up the road from a very fine golf course. Although the premiers have met sporadically since 1985, the concept of annual meetings came from Lesage, who invited his counterparts in 1960 to get better acquainted by taking him for golf in Quebec City. The idea of the meetings was important but even more so in their creation—on his of it.

Lesage was arguably one of the first modern leaders to understand that chemistry between leaders matters as much as their respective ideologies. For better or worse, in many cases, party affiliation has become all but irrelevant in defining both philosophy and political alliances. Examples of apparent contradictions are everywhere: Two Maritime Liberal premiers, Frank McKenna of New Brunswick and Russell MacLellan of Nova Scotia, are leading strongly over construction of the planned Seale Island natural gas pipeline. A New Democratic Party Premier, Aluska, is leading over the first premier in Canada to balance his province's budget. A Conservative, Mike Harris in Ontario, will be among the last to do so. One of the few really close social friendships to develop between premiers in recent years was between a Tory, Gary Filmon of Manitoba, and a Liberal, the now-retired Clyde Wells of Newfoundland. ("Wells is," Filmon told an associate a year ago, "the one counterpart I have come to truly consider a friend.") A curious sort of bond appears to be developing between Quebec's Lucien Bouchard and Ontario's Harris despite the fact that Harris is one of the premiers least sympathetic to Quebec nationalists.

Another Lesage achievement—one that not everyone acknowledges in the mid 1990s, when his provincial Liberalism finally broke all ties with their federal counterparts and became an independent

entity. Until then, provincial wings were expected to take direction as all times from the federal party. The result was that any provincial demand to Ottawa was seen, more than anything else, as an act of impudence. Imagine how different Canada would seem today if, say, the Quebec provincial Liberals took their constitutional marching orders from Prime Minister Jean Chrétien, or if Harris was willing to follow the lead of Jean Charest on the same topic. Similarly, it is hard to imagine two premiers further apart on their respective approaches to Quebec than Solus and what is tomorrow and then Charest's Glen Clark—even though both are from the same party.

All of which means that it is harder and more complicated than ever to be a federal politician today, balancing all these conflicting wishes and interests. Even when provinces seem to have the same concerns and demands, their proposed solutions are often drastically different. Newfoundland and British Columbia, for example, have both pushed in recent years for strong action against other countries overfishing in their waters. But that consensus quickly breaks apart over how to do so—to the point that they cannot even agree over how much of that action should be controlled by Ottawa, and how much by the provinces.

All the premiers repeatedly chant the mantra that just federal and provincial programs should be "rationalized" to eliminate "waste and overlap." But there are at least two areas where it is clear that Ottawa would do the most efficient job, without provincial intervention, in setting environmental standards and establishing one national security commission. Common sense may say that should happen in both areas—but the premiers doubt. Similarly, although everyone agrees with the principle of free international trade, its actual achievement remains so difficult as ever.

One problem is that the premiers continue to insist that all they really want is a "partnership" with the federal government when in fact they already have that—and then some. Furthermore, after all, usually involve give-and-take—but lately the premiers have mainly been taking new powers from the federal government. That declaration of powers gives more governments more opportunity to do things differently—and creates new areas for dispute. That is one reason why the annual premiers' meetings become more important than ever—and what is more equally important for them to remain unstarred, to allow free time for premiers to talk informally in person with each other to settle their differences. That was part of the weekend of Jean Lesage, a formal one who a month later was the importance of philosophy in getting things done. And it is one of the best reasons why the premiers would continue to seek out the country's best golf courses in years to come.

Opening Notes

Edited by ROBERT D. MCCRACKEN

It's not over till the RCMP says it's over

It may come as a surprise to former prime minister Brian Mulroney, to whom the federal government apologized last January for dragging the issue through the mud, but the RCMP's still investigating the Airbus affair. Last week, RCMP's commissioner Philip Murray told Maclean's that a team of seven investigators is working on the case full time. "It's proceeding," he said, "very much so." The viability of the Airbus investigation was thrown into question when the government acknow-



argues that the government's use of the Mutual Assistance Treaty Act violated his charter rights. As well as holding up the RCMP's access to various Swiss bank accounts, the suit could have wider implications. "Ultimately if the act is ruled unconstitutional, there will have to be some other act developed," says Murray. "I just don't know what that would be because this is the vehicle all countries use to work with police and acquire evidence from another country."



New set of wheels

As if bicycles, skateboards and rollerblades were not enough, yet another type of human conveyance may come dominating streets and pedestrian areas: the Go-Ped. With a hot rubber base, a mesh cord and a post with a handgrip, the Go-Ped is a simple, yet redesigned scooter. But a 2-horsepower engine—which can propel it at speeds of 25 km/h—makes it a lot of the 30s. According to the California-based bicycle manufacturer, the Go-Ped can sound-blast, beep, honk and even play music. It's easily portable (it weighs just 10 kg), it's safe (it has a seat, a hornbell, and can run far more than an hour on a liter of gas). Such attributes may make it appealing to the alternative transportation crowd, but they will have to be able to get it through the courts. Making it on city streets, the Go-Ped is in the same category as skateboards and rollerblades, probably not legal, but enforcement will be uneven. "I was pulled over in a cop zone, but he was just curious," says Scott Newman, a mechanic at a Go-Ped store in San Francisco. "He asked me the rules, and I just wanted to know where I got in and how much it cost."

in Parliament in Canada's other official language, McDougall agrees that that is an important goal. "No politician can aspire to the Prime Minister's Office without being able to speak both languages." But rather than leaving the academic aside, she has spent 10 days with a family of five in Joliquette, 170 km north of Quebec City, reading, writing and speaking only French. Despite living committed sovereigntists, the family welcomed her, says McDougall. And she naturally took her method to better than Manning's. "The mayor he'll think about doing it that way next time." The guest will be in the speechwriting.

'Easier on the nose'

Boxer Alan Hilton is about to make some money working out of the five-story, 100-room Montevideo hotel, but he's got a little more to do in Poland. In *Black Rain*, Stanley Gray, starring Nicolas Cage, is the groovy, hippie-brother-sister-sister character who works in Montevideo. Hilton will play a taxi man, the person who attends to the boxer in the corner between rounds. He headed the role after a friend arranged an audition. "I heard de Polack liked my face," says Hilton, 32, who will be in 15 scenes, including the main fight scene to be filmed at the old Montevideo Forum. Hilton is the second oldest of five brothers who were all professional boxers in the 1980s. But alcohol abuse and convictions on a variety of crimes



and charges between 2005 and 2008 derailed his career. Now working on a cruise ship and the part owner of a new boxing club that bears his name, he hopes his appearance in *Snake Eyes* will open new doors. "A movie career would be a lot easier on my nose."

Scenes from a mall

Regulatory council has approved installation of a video surveillance camera focusing on a downtown pedestrian mall as part of a \$500,000, anti-smash pill project. If successful, it will be replicated by many in our country. "We could eliminate 50 percent of the criminal activity that would certainly be a boon for the city," says councilor Bill Boush. "We can't eliminate all crime, but we can reduce it. We can reduce the crime in shopping malls, on city streets, in shopping malls, and on some roads, but primary advocates are safety about extending surveillance to city sidewalks. 'Clearly, things like this just a chill on our freedoms in a democratic society,' says John DeLoe, executive director of the Office of the Privacy Commissioner. But John Hingham, associate executive director of Market Square, Regina's downtown business district, says the project of crime, rather than a watchman, must be the focus. "We need to make sure we increase the public sense of safety," DeLoe would be heard.

BEST-SELLERS

FACTS

1. *Ball at the Beach*, see above Rockwell (1)
2. *Boatload Express*, Patricia Connolly (4)
3. *Letters*, Edward Ricketts (1)
4. *Breakfast in the World*, Elizabeth Gorge (1)
5. *Dancing Daughters*, Jean-Michel (1)
6. *The Sea of Small Things*, Alexander Day (1)
7. *Waves with Men*, Richard Ford (1)
8. *Integrates*, Arthur Moe (1)
9. *The Enigma of Ray*, Guy Vanderhaeghe (1)
10. *Apertures*, Lawrence Sanders (1)

MEMBER

1. *Into the Air*, Jim Zwerner (3)
2. *Algebra Nation: Final Account* (2)
3. *Down, Out & Dirty: David Ford and David McDermott* (3)
4. *Fast Forward*, Jerry O'Connell (2)
5. *Premonition: Novel*, Wip (3)
6. *Conversations with Dad, Book 2*, David Owsen (Black) (2)
7. *Yes: David and the Land of the Rising Sun*, Andrew Sorber (2)
8. *Simple Machines*, Sarah-Jane Woodhouse (2)
9. *The Left of Peter*, Gino di Tiro (4)
10. *The Lizard Boy*, Charles Gwynne (2)

A mother's secrets

First-time novelist Jacqueline Park, a Winnipeg native who finished her MFA writing program at New York University's Stony Brook campus, has captured the spirit of Renaissance Italy in *The Secret Book of Giulio de' Rossi*. The novel unfolds as the hero's secret diary to his son.

POP MOVIES

Mel takes the wheel

In Conspiracy Theory, Mel Gibson and Julia Roberts form an unlikely duo. He is New York City cab driver Jerry Fletcher, who sees conspiracies lurking everywhere, she is U.S. justice department lawyer Alice Sutton, who dismisses his concerns. That is, at least, until Fletcher is kidnapped and escapes.



Top movies in Canada ranked according to box office receipts during the seven days that ended on Aug. 7 (1 is best): www.filmboard.ca

1 Air Force One (1986/9-1)	\$2,545.00
2 Aqueduct (1984/3)	\$2,124.00
3 When a Man Falls (1980/3)	\$1,798.00
4 Savage of the Jungle (1986/6)	\$1,696.00
5 Gentlemen (1976/8)	\$1,652.00
6 Picture Perfect (1987/1)	\$1,556.00
7 Racehorses (1982/3)	\$1,543.00
8 My Best Friend's Wedding (1997/3)	\$1,511.00
9 Nothing to Lose (1987/3)	\$1,421.00
10 Air Mail (1981/3)	\$1,340.00

Passages



DIED: The world's oldest person, **Jeanne Calment**, 122 of natural causes, at the retirement home in Arles, France, where she had lived for 12 years. Calment, who released a rap CD, *Time's a-Messing*, for her 121st birthday in February 1996 said the keys to long life were olive oil and port wine. Claimants from around the world are now vying for the Guinness Book of Records title as the world's oldest living person, including **Marie-Louise Chénod** of Saint-Louis-de-Karimacenia, Que., who will be 117 on Aug. 29.

QUBEC: Senator **Pierre Falardeau**, 63, a Liberal from Repentigny, Que., who was appointed to the upper house in 1976 by then-Prime Minister **Pierre Trudeau** in Lével, Que., following a stroke.

DIED: Retired judge **George Arthur Adly**, 81, who served on the Federal Court of Canada from 1973 to 1990, in Ottawa

DIED: Paul Zimmerman, 77, who was president of Torstar Corp., parent company of The Toronto Star, for four years, after heading Reader's Digest in Canada for 19 years, in a Toronto hospital, of heart problems.

DIED Photographer **Harase Eisdol**, 68, whose pictures helped inspire novelist **John Steinbeck's** masterpiece *The Grapes of Wrath*, in his Opa, Calif., home after a bout with colon cancer.



Clifford Olson will go before a jury and ask to go free

Shown the more sides of his hearing last week outrages many people

Canada

KILLER'S PLEA

COVER

BY CHRIS WOOD

There is a benchmark for evil, in the minds of many Canadians it is Clifford Robert Olson. During the last 41 of his 57 years, Olson has been inside the walls of a prison for barely 48 months. But in that short time, he caused incalculable pain, suffering and in July 1980, after he confessed to abducting, raping and killing eight girls and three boys aged 9 to 18, a British Columbia court sentenced him to life imprisonment, without eligibility for parole for 25 years. But next week, barely 15 years after that judgment, a private jet will fly Olson from Montreal to Vancouver to ask a specially convened jury for permission to work an earlier release.

The more vivid the picture of his heinous—let alone the remote possibility that he might actually be successful—outrages many people. "It's insanity, a circus!" protests Gary Rosenfeldt, whose 16-year-old stepson, Danyla Jabourade, was Olson's third confirmed victim. "This whole thing has brought my anger and frustration back to where they were 15 years ago," says Rosenfeldt, who runs an Ottawa-based victims' rights group with his wife, Sharon. Danyla's mother, inevitably, the hapless hearing expected to last two weeks, will also renew the debate about how society should treat its most dangerously deviant members.

It is something of a legal oddity that the hearing is occurring at all. In January, the Liberal government amended Section 745 of the Criminal Code—the so-called future clause, which allows people sentenced to at least 15 years with no access to parole to ask to have their eligibility reconsidered (page 16). The amendments clearly stated what had been an offender's automatic right to a jury hearing. They also abolished hearings for multiple murderers. But by the time the new wording came into effect on Jan. 9, Olson, who became eligible to apply under the old rules last August, had already done so. Federal lawyers determined that the new laws could not be applied retroactively—and Olson will have his day in court.

To succeed in his application is something else again. Olson would have to persuade at least eight of the 12 jurors that he should be allowed to apply for parole earlier than

2000, the date specified by his sentence. That will be to put mildly, a formidable task.

In one sense, Olson has been a news-maker from birth—his first mention in his country's press came in January, 1948, along with other babies born on New Year's Day that year. But it was later, growing up on a street of modest houses in neighboring Richmond, that young Clifford's antisocial character began to show. While his mother, Leona, was at work at a local fish cannery and Clifford 5 delivered milk with one of the area's last horse-drawn wagons, the eldest of their four children acquired a reputation as a trouble young laddy and petty thief. In their 1962 book, *The Olson Murders*, Joan Perry and Douglas Inwood describe a young smart-aleck who was always in trouble—for selling out-of-date lottery tickets from their stolen money left out for milk, or terrorizing local dogs and cats.

By age 17, Olson's criminal career was in high gear. In July, 1967, he was convicted of breaking and entering and theft. From then until his last arrest, in 1980, Olson never managed to stay out of prison for more than a few months. His convictions were mostly for burglary, fraud and theft. But Olson's deviant sexual side was developing as well. In 1974, he was accused of repeated sexual attacks on a 15-year-old fellow inmate in the B.C. Penitentiary. Four years later he was identified as the man who indecently assaulted a seven-year girl in Sydney, N.S.

Still, by the time he was released from Newcastle Institution in July, 1980, law officers thought of Olson as a hardened cat man—not a killer. "He was seen as a dirt, a little prize-winning animal, a parricide, an atrocious, capital-kind of person, but not a sexual offender," said Bob Leake, a former police officer

The 11 young victims, aged 9 to 18



Geraldine Ann Wilkie, 12, at the time of her murder, around Nov. 17, 1980



Colleen Bagnall, 12, at the time of her murder, around Aug. 15, 1981



Danyla Todd Jabourade, 16, at the time of her murder, around April 6, 1981



Sandra Lynn Wolfenden, 15, at the time of her murder, around May 30, 1981



Jeff Hilda Christ, 16, at the time of his murder, around June 21, 1981



Daniel Patrick Fabbro, 9, at the time of his murder, around July 2, 1981



Kelly Elizabeth Kenna, 16, at the time of her murder, around July 6, 1981



Stephen Lawrence King, 15, at the time of his murder, around July 23, 1981



Roger Christie, 16, at the time of his murder, around July 25, 1981



Terri Lynn Caron, 16, at the time of her murder, around July 31, 1981



Louise Marie Chartrand, 17, at the time of her murder, around July 30, 1981

On Nov. 17, 1980, 12-year-old Christine Weller left the drab Surrey, B.C., court where she lived with her unemployed parents, to go window-shopping at the local mall. A few hours later, the first little boyboy barrowed a friend's bicycle to ride home. She never arrived. Gaily a week later did her parents report her as missing. When they did, the police called her in a ramshackle and took no action. On Christmas Day, a man walking his dog along the Fraser River dikes in Richmond found the girl's mutilated, decomposing body. Olson would not kill again—so far as is known—for five months. In early April, he and his pregnant girlfriend, whom he would marry in May, moved into public housing in the bedroom community of Coquitlam—his first of operations for a four-month reprieve of violence. It began soon after the birth on April 30, 1981, of his own son, Clifford III. On April 16, Olson picked up a 13-year-old with long brown hair in a nearby North Delta. Colleen Dugan was on her way home when the tattered older man in the gleaming rental car offered her a lift. Olson's usual script was to claim to be a contractor in need of young people to work at \$20 an hour—twice the going rate—to wash windows or clean up around

The murder locations



job sites. When the youngster accepted the offer, Olson would send him a drink. Olson a little green and red with the booze. It was chloral hydrate, and taken with alcohol it rendered the kids woozy and helpless. The wooded dikes, hills and safe valleys of the Fraser River Delta offered plenty of places with enough privacy for Olson to complete his terrifying work. He took Colleen to a small forest, raped her, then beat her head in with a hammer.

Five days after killing Colleen, Olson struck again—virtually on his own doorstep. On April 21, Olson abducted Johanneke, who was staying with his mother and stepfather at their home just two blocks from his apartment. Then, for a while, the disappearances came far apart: Sandra Wollemey, 18, in mid-May; Ada Court, 10, on June 21. Breathing heavily, laughing and giggling, and only occasionally weeping in confusion, Olson constantly pursued apparitions for theft or targets for his violent desires.

On July 2, less than two weeks after Court's abduction, nine-year-old Simon Fortin disappeared. Olson was back in his home, but he was a few days away. Olson said a friend picked up 14-year-old Judy

Olson, then housed at Prince Albert, Sask. They came away with detailed information about several killings, including three that Olson claimed to have committed in Saskatchewan. It was enough to convince the RCMP to target a court order allowing Olson out of prison for one day last August to guide investigators to alleged crime sites in eastern Saskatchewan. But "when he got to the area," said Prince Albert RCMP investigator Col. John Kubic, "he couldn't assist himself to anything. He seemed like it was his first time there." No bodies were found.

S&L authorities take Olson's continuing potential for violence—and escape—seriously. Officials with Corrections Canada, the RCMP and the court consider on the Vancouver suburb of Surrey where the hearings are being held all turn made most questions about Olson's travel plans, citing security concerns. "The issue for us is his safety," said RCMP spokeswoman Sgt. Donna Browder. What is known is that an explosives RCMP station got well ahead of Olson, and at least one other station, from his continuing security plans near Montreal to the Vancouver area. He will be housed in a

The case revives the anger and sorrow after 15 years

Kramer at a bus stop, later that day. Olson slugged and strangled the screaming gymnast, raped, dumped her body near a lake at Agassiz, B.C., in the week between July 23 and 28. Olson struck four times, killing Raymond King, 15. What Olson meant, Steven Arnold, 18, Terri Carson, 23, and Louise Christensen, 27.

By then, police were closing in. The RCMP had been aware of Olson since Christine Weller's disappearance the previous November. But it was not until hours after Terri Carson was taken, on July 27, 1981, that police put him under surveillance. Still, Olson managed to flee. Chasing him, last victim, three days later, just as the RCMP was setting up a task force to solve the case of abductees and murders. Two weeks later, police told Olson to Vancouver Island, where he pulled up two young women and drove them to a remote dirt road. The next day, kidnapping he was about to attack one of them, the police moved in and made their arrest.

In custody, Olson agreed to a highly controversial deal with police and the Crown. He agreed to testify authoritatively to his victims' "bodies" none of which had not been found at the time of his arrest—for \$500,000 each, to be paid to his wife and son. In 1986, the Supreme Court of Canada rejected an attempt by the victim's parents to receive the \$100,000 payoff.

Behind bars since 1986, Olson remains, by all accounts, what he has always been: hostile, unrepentant, manipulative and vicious. Banned by government order from contact with the media, Olson refuses his society in other ways, turning backs of eyes about his crimes, selling autographed copies of hissed from a serial killer's collector set. The most striking, he once indicated by driving cars and screwdrivers into his still-living victims' bodies now filled in with obscene drawings and harassing letters he sends to their surviving family members.

Despite his appalling record of delinquency, police cannot entirely rule out the possibility that he will shed his light as an infamous criminal. Early last year, RCMP officers spent hours of hours interviewing



Hosnefeldt giving his nephew's murderer a jury hearing is "insane"

regular killing trial of the busy complex, but the highest-level courtroom reserved for Olson has no telephone connections to make it even more secure.

Olson seems likely to represent himself, as he did during a preliminary hearing on the same application last March, when he spoke to the court only through a telephone line. He will be allowed to challenge jurors, call witnesses (except his incriminated relatives and co-conspirators) and give the Crown any evidence he wishes to present. The Crown may bring to oppose his application. Canadian magazine Stephen's, Canada magazine's Steve Menard, a former news management supervisor at Kingston Penitentiary, where Olson was housed for several years, will testify about his prison record.

Virtually no one expects Olson's application to succeed. If that jury were composed of members of the alien group at McGill, he might stand a security penitentiary, he would still not get out," said Ontario lawyer Jeffrey Bledsoe, who has conducted several Section 745 applications on behalf of clients. In fact, the jury may do more than merely reject Olson's application; it can also rule that he never be allowed to make another one. Why, then, ask Olson to testify? "I think he's enjoying it," said one of the victims' families, "suggests Bledsoe, who plans to attend the hearing. "He's going to use it as an opportunity to attack us." At all the very best, Olson's case is likely to be a legal sideshow. He has visited at every time to torment his lawyers. The most heinous crime in Canada's history, Olson will still most certainly appear if he loses his application.

As to why such an odious individual has an opportunity to testify as a victim's agent, that answer may be in what makes a just and democratic society function. Sociopaths, lacking a sense of common humanity, are incapable of long-term bonds of love, family or society—or of understanding the value of all those who protect all people equally—the world. That others do understand even at the price of their peace of mind, makes them different from Clifford Olson.

BOB SCOTT STEELE is Toronto and TAMARA DAVIES and SCOTT BARNARD are Ottawa



The high-security building out at Archambault prison near Montreal, where Olson is being held. 'Maniacal' Lester is known as 'the real'

rapistic in 1980, Corrections Canada burned up contacts with the media. But by still manages to call events to me occasionally. While horrified by Olson's conduct and graphic descriptions of his crimes, I admit to being intrigued by him. He is even funny, which makes him more maniacal. In Kingston, Olson dabbled in various religions, eventually settling on Catholicism, and at one point had a dialogue group with the Vatican, which apparently took his protestations of sincere remorse of Catholicism, he'd say "We a

'I would have enjoyed telling the jury there was no hope of Olson ever being rehabilitated'

BY PETER WORTHINGTON

In May, Clifford Olson sent me a letter saying he was filing a "subpoena" to have me appear as a character witness at his judicial review that begins on Aug. 18, where he will argue that he deserves early parole. He said the presiding judge wanted a letter from witnesses summarizing what they would say. I wrote Olson and Justice Richard Low of the B.C. Supreme Court saying I would honor a subpoena, but that I was unable to do so until what I would say about Olson's character before I heard the questions.

In early July, I got another letter from Olson saying the court was rejecting me as a witness. He explained that "the court is discrimination [as to who the applicant may call as witnesses]." I admit to some regret over not having a chance to appear—I would have enjoyed telling the jury there was no hope of Olson ever being rehabilitated. My wife, Yvonne, is relieved that I am not going. "The resilience of the man," she said. "Insolence is the least of Olson's character flaws."

I grew up understanding Olson as well as almost anyone. Despite an order banning him from any contacts with the media, he managed to clear the way for me to visit him every couple of weeks during the better part of a year in the early 1970s, when he was in Ontario's Kingston Penitentiary. I also received almost daily phone calls from him. We are conditioned by novels, TV and movies to expect serial killers to be scary and sinister. Not Olson. He comes across as almost benign, ingratiating, friendly and utterly unrepentant—which makes him all the more frightening. Olson's young victims had no chance when he turned on the snarls. As for remorse for his crimes, no way. Olson claims regret, but only as a ploy. "Pity," he would say when asked, "words can't express how badly I feel for the families of these kids." Followed immediately by something like, "What do you think the Blue Jays will do tonight?"

After a story I wrote about Olson appeared on Saturday Night

news—a big religious—no matter what you do, they'll forgive you and if the Pope forgives me for what I did, you, they'll forgive me not to forgive me."

The multipersonality that pepper his conversation exaggerates the aura of mystery. While talking of two girls he claimed to have killed in Miami, he said they "lived in a condom." Recalling his final penetration of one of his victims, he told me: "She was unconscious when I had sexual sex with her." Always left off himself, he bragged "I've got five or six bodies in me which could be a joke."

In prison, Olson keeps busy exchanging letters with well over 100 groups, many of them young women—some who even send him nude photographs of themselves, at his request. What he was in the federal pen at Fraser, B.C., before he was sent to Kingston and his current home at Quebec's Archambault prison—the found a way to cut his mailing costs. He would use several stamps, type the number 03 on each one, then mail his letters. He found the winning he managed to get a Canada Post stamping off the stamp, he said, he ran the risk of prosecution and could be sent to jail.

Olson is not stupid—he receives marks in the 80s and 90s in university correspondence courses. But he is a chronic liar, so there is no way of knowing who he is telling the truth. In the Kingston Pen, he liked to tell me he had killed 10 people in the United States, most of them teenage runaway. By the time he telephoned me last Christmas, he had topped this total to 37.

While politicians, the media and public turn against the "bitch" Olson is exploiting, Olson is under no illusions that he will ever be paroled. He would say with a laugh that he was "the most hated man in Canada" and was destined to die in prison. But for him it is astonishing, even fun, to cause outrage and stir up—something that has marked his 15 years in prison. He was selected as a finalist in a poetry contest in the United States—with a plagiarized entry.

During one visit, I asked him how he compared himself with Hushabai Lester, the cannibalistic killer of Silver of the Laminas. Olson looked at me approvingly and said "Peter, there is no comparison. Hushabai Lester is fiction—'the real'." He has told me that if released, he would "go back to killing," even though he professed not to know why he killed in the first place. As he is not content, he is a permanent argument for capital punishment. He has laughed when I've told him his lies, sometimes, even agreed.

Peter Worthington is founding editor and columnist of The Toronto Star.

GOOD INTENTIONS, MIXED RESULTS

BY D'ARCY JENISH

Danny Horner's calm, detached tone belies the fact that he is talking about the murder that put him behind bars for life. The prisoner, now 38, explains that he was a teenager living in Regina in January 1977, when he killed five kids. Donald, a 25-year-old parolee in crime. McDonald was buying stolen goods from him, then revealing them, Horner tells a visiting reporter at South Institution, a medium-security prison 28 km west of Kingston, Ont. "He and a friend came to the house where I was staying and were demanding money," he says. "Arguments broke out, I was tied up and threatened. In the end, I got free, and went out to the kitchen and shot the guy with a .28-caliber rifle."

Several months later, convicted of first-degree murder, Horner received a mandatory sentence—life imprisonment with no possibility of parole for 25 years. Now, he has served more than 30 years—long enough, he says, to recognize and taste the gradual decay that turned him into an angry, old-school teenage killer. Horner completed high school in prison, he is just one credit short of a university arts degree. He has a permanent relationship—on licence if by coquettish wiles in the prison trailer—with a Kingston-area woman, and he has an 18-month-old son. Horner hopes to be out of jail completely by the end of the year, about five years before the original 25-year minimum—thanks to a 1991's recommendation based on the controversial "lifer-base" clause.

In May 1993, more than 14 years after his conviction, Horner returned to Regina for a judicial review of his sentence as provided for under Section 745.6 of the Criminal Code. That is the much-maligned lifer-base legislation, an amendment passed in 1976 to give prisoners serving life sentences a glimmer of hope that they will get out before the mandatory 25 years. Under its provisions, murderers who have served at least 10 years of their sentence can appear before a 12-member jury to make a plea for earlier release, based on their character and their conduct in prison. Horner's claim to have turned his life around sounds a chord with his peers—they recently received to the National Parole Board that to consider him for conditional parole. Since then, Horner has had a series of temporary absences, up to three days at a time. And in November, he plans to ask the board for permission to live at a halfway house before full release. "When I was a teenager," he says, "I had no respect for money, no respect for property, no respect for people. I certainly don't think like I did back then. I've had a definite attitude change."

Perhaps, but many individuals and organizations—especially galvanized by the fact that some of Canada's worst serial killers enjoy the same right to ask for early release—vehemently oppose concessions to anyone sentenced to life imprisonment for murder. For clerics, reformers, public associations, victims' groups, Reform party members, Independent MP John Nason and others have pressured the Chrétien government to repeal the early-release provisions of Section 745. The government responded in January, not with repeal but with amendments making it much more difficult for anyone convicted since then to use a jury review. The clause's opponents, however, remain unmoved. "As far as I'm concerned," says Calgary Reform MP Art Hanger, a former police officer, "the better general Section 745 is going to continue."

Section 745 has not mostly eased the prison gates for Canada's brutal killers. From its passage until the end of June, 339 inmates convicted of first- and second-degree murder have become eligible to ask



Donald Royd, 36, was sentenced to life in 1977, for the murder of a 16-year-old girl. He is now 38.

for a jury hearing. Of these, only 30—less than 10 per cent—have so far actually found themselves out on the streets any earlier. Of that group, and three, according to parole board records, have got in trouble with the law again—none for armed robbery, another for carrying a concealed weapon and the third on a drug charge. Most murderers, recognizing the futility of their case, do not even ask for a review.

But there is another way of looking at the numbers, one that supports Section 745's critics: of the 33 offenders who have appeared before a jury, fully 64 have secured a recommendation for earlier release. While 35 of those supposed winners have not yet achieved full parole, others continue the numbers on a 77-per-cent success rate. And that causes Nason, one of the legislation's most ardent opponents, to call it not the lifer-base clause but the "sure-ber" clause.

The critics bridle over the fact that such notoriety murderers as Clifford Olson, Ontario schoolgirl killer Paul Bernardo and New

Hampshire's serial killer Allan Legare can still—however remote their chance of success—apply for a hearing. Opponents of Section 745 are also concerned about the devastating effect that a judicial hearing can have on the families of a murder victim. For them, having to face a killer more than a decade and a half after the loss of a loved one can be emotionally scarring. It also breeds feelings of betrayal by the justice system. "Life imprisonment doesn't mean life," says Christine Boyd, 36, an Alberta woman who dreads the day that a man convicted in the 1984 sex slaying of her 16-year-old daughter, Laurie, applies for a hearing. "Every time that sentence is handed down, it's like."

Parliament adopted Section 745 in 1976 as part of a package of amendments to the Criminal Code that abolished capital punishment and redefined the penalties of murder. With the country's police chiefs lobbying hard for retention of the death penalty, the Trudeau

Section 745 was meant to encourage lifers to behave

Brutewick serial killer Allan Legare can still—however remote their chance of success—apply for a hearing. Opponents of Section 745 are also concerned about the devastating effect that a judicial hearing can have on the families of a murder victim. For them, having to face a killer more than a decade and a half after the loss of a loved one can be emotionally scarring. It also breeds feelings of betrayal by the justice system. "Life imprisonment doesn't mean life," says Christine Boyd, 36, an Alberta woman who dreads the day that a man convicted in the 1984 sex slaying of her 16-year-old daughter, Laurie, applies for a hearing. "Every time that sentence is handed down, it's like."

Over the past two years, Boyd has delivered that message across the Prairie provinces at grassroots public meetings usually put together by victims' groups, anti-crime organizations or police associations. And Boyd says she meets like-minded westerers, who want Section 745 scrapped, everywhere she speaks. She organized the first of these meetings here in January, 1996, in the town of Okotoks, 40 km south of Calgary, where Laurie was murdered. "I thought we'd get 20 or 30 people, and 600 showed up," she recalls. "It was a rally to save public awareness about Section 745. We asked the question, 'Should life mean life?' and every person who came through the door that night said, 'Most definitely.'"



Brutewick Legare (right) a judge would weigh any application.



Liberal attorney toughened his sentences for first-degree murder, providing no possibility of parole for 25 years. Before then, lifers who avoided the noose but received life sentences for the old offense of capital murder were being held, on average, for slightly over 13 years. But many Liberals were concerned that first-degree murderers would live any incentive to behave well in prison. Warren Allmazel, now president of the Montreal-based International Centre for Human Rights and Democratic Development, was solicitor general at the time. He says he and others argued successfully for getting out before 25 years with the now-controversial jury review. Allmazel

says he is disabused by what he calls the prevalence of public misconceptions about the clause. "I think the process has been totally distorted," he said. "Most people think it's an easy process. They don't realize how tough it is to get out once with 745."

It got even tougher in January under the new amendments. For starters, anyone convicted of murdering more than one person since then is ineligible for a review. In addition, applications for a jury hearing are now vetted first by a superior court judge, who can reject them if they do not appear to have a reasonable chance of succeeding. Furthermore, at a hearing, an applicant now needs the approval of all 12 jurors to win a recommendation for early release—

'The serial killers, the psychopaths—they don't get out'

not just right as the law had required. Big steps forward, say Section 745's opponents, but not yet enough. "I want those changes to a 25-year guess," says the police association's Newark, "as opposed to putting the ball in the end zone."

In Olsen's case, he passed the 25-year mark last August, and launched his application for a review well before the amendments went into effect in January. Bernardo, Lagers and other multiple murderers can still apply when they have served 15 years, because their convictions predate the new amendments. But now, with judges reviewing all applications, the chance of a multiple killer receiving a jury hearing has all but disappeared.

"Our changes have considerably toughened up the act," says justice deputy assistant spokesman Pierre Gosselin, "and those not deserving of a judicial review will not get one." Even before the amendments, the system did not offer any real hope to the worst offenders, say defense lawyers in conflict with the process. "The ones the public is concerned about—the serial killers, the psychopaths, the dangerous criminals—they don't get out, nor should they," says Toronto lawyer Douglas Frost.

But not even a jury recommendation at earlier release opens prison doors. Murderers eventually spend several more years waiting their way out. First, parole panels approve a series of escorted temporary absences, says William Gibbs, chairman of the National Parole Board. That lets an inmate out once or twice a month for several hours at a time, accompanied by a guard. If that first step goes well, the inmate can apply for unsupervised furloughs of up to 72 hours, usually to spend a week-end with family or close friends. Once he shows he can meet the conditions attached to temporary leaves—abstaining from drugs and alcohol, adhering to curfew, returning to prison on time—his offender map then be allowed to live temporarily at a halfway house. The final phase is a full parole—living out of prison but reporting regularly to a parole officer. "I'm now spent 15 years in prison," says Gibbs, "you have to understand how to society slowly."

Behind all those safeguards, however, is the painful ordeal that the families of murder victims have to endure to set the early release process in motion. Marie King-Forrest, a Saskatchewan teacher and grandmother, has faced two reviews since 1994 for the cruel conviction of killing her first husband, RCMP officer Brian King. In 1978, two Saskatchewan teenagers, Gregory Fischer and Darrell Brown, turned the Crown's sword on the trunk of their car as a groupie, drove to an abandoned location and shot him twice. The first jury decided that Fischer could apply for parole after 25 years instead of 25; the second denied Crooks—who pulled the trigger—any reduction. "You can't find words to tell people how hard it is to live through this again," said King-Forrest, who broke down twice during a brief interview with Maclean's. "I want the law changed so other people don't have to go through the hell I went through."

Like her, the police association, the Ottawa-based Victims of Violence, the Reform party and others are still pressing for repeal of Section 745. They want courts to be able to impose sentences with no provision for early release. Displaced that multiple life sentences are now served consecutively—which means that even the worst serial murderer is now entitled to a parole review after 25 years—they want judges empowered to sentence multiple killers to consecutive terms, to be served one after another. And

many are campaigning for the return of the death penalty. "We believe this is a scientific, moral and ethical issue that the people should decide by having rational deliberations," says Reform MP Deborah Grey, "and the politicians have to accept."

Inmate life Haines, who has spent his entire adult life behind bars, says the possibility of early release is the only thing that provides hope—and the motivation to change. "I thought for the longest time that I was never getting out of jail," he says. "So I created my own freedom by getting involved in drugs." Realizing that he had an opportunity to get out early, Haines says he gave up drugs, pursued his education, re-established contact with his mother and two younger brothers, and began exploring his native roots. "I looked at what I could do to better myself," he adds.

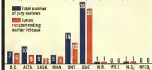
For federal politicians, who could well find Section 745 back on the legislative agenda this fall thanks to C-104's release, on both sides of the issue. "Tougher sentences and more jail are not the answers to crime," says Bruce Williams, a psychiatrist and the Anglican representative on the Ottawa-based Church Council on Justice and Corrections. On the other hand, victims like King-Forrest deeply resent being forced by judicial review to confront the murderers who caused their lives. "You try to close the door on the guilt with great big steel bars," she says, "and I don't think hell should be dragged through this trap again." March debate in 1978, amended in 1997, Section 745 of the Criminal Code still leaves many Canadians unconvinced that justice is being served. □

Paying the penalty for murder

Before 1978	1978 amendments	January, 1997, amendments	Various critics want
Planned and intentional killing, known then as capital murder, punishable by hanging or life imprisonment, promises serving life sentences released on parole after an average of just over 13 years	Capital punishment abolished, offences increased first degree murder, convictions not eligible for parole until 25 years, but under new Section 745, have the opportunity after serving 15 years to go before a jury to ask for earlier release	Section 745 heightened multiple murderers no longer eligible for a jury review; for others, each application for a review must first be recommended to merit by a judge; don't judge number of jurors needed to approve a shortening of parole eligibility; accused have right to all 12 jurors	No parole before 25 years for first-degree murder, consecutive (rather than concurrent) sentencing for multiple killers; return of the death penalty for the most heinous murders

Provincial differences

The number of jury reviews of life sentences under Section 745, and the applicants' success rates, vary widely from province to province



there are no easy answers. There are, in fact, competing arguments on both sides of the issue. "Tougher sentences and more jail are not the answers to crime," says Bruce Williams, a psychiatrist and the Anglican representative on the Ottawa-based Church Council on Justice and Corrections. On the other hand, victims like King-Forrest deeply resent being forced by judicial review to confront the murderers who caused their lives. "You try to close the door on the guilt with great big steel bars," she says, "and I don't think hell should be dragged through this trap again." March debate in 1978, amended in 1997, Section 745 of the Criminal Code still leaves many Canadians unconvinced that justice is being served. □

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The premiers at their St. Andrews conference; more talk to come

insisted that he only intended to support the group's federalist views. Then, the Quebec premier poured water on what the other leaders viewed as a fragile breakthrough in an otherwise unanimous agreement on social policy matters, ringing from a greater provincial say in how such programs are funded, to proposals on new ways to settle disputes with Ottawa. Only moments after the sealing ceremony of premiers revealed their consensus, grim faced as Bocharard stepped forward and launched into Quebec's objections. Instead of making deals with Ottawa, Bocharard said, nations refusing to accept spending should be dealt with only by the provinces, without any federal participation.

Despite such resistance, the other premiers—notably Harris and Alberta's Ralph Klein—suggested that there are alternatives to current federal policies towards Quebec. Both expressed a new sense of public debate within each province as a fresh approach to the unity issue. Klein, for one, called for a "transparent, bottom-

to-top" approach aimed at achieving consensus at the provincial level before making any offers to Quebec. And some observers agreed that, if nothing else, such talks are important as a way of isolating the federal cause inside Quebec. "If they are able to achieve this," said Alan Gagnon, a political scientist at McGill University in Montreal, "it would put the Quebec premier more on the defensive, because it gives the impression that the rest of Canada cares."

Away from the heated atmosphere of meeting rooms, however, the premiers most by seemed to enjoy one another's company. One evening, everyone, including Bocharard, headed for the beach and a dinner of lobster and steamed mussels. Before the conference, the ever-affable McGrew managed to sidestep an awkward question with Brian Tobin at St. Andrews' famous Algonquin course. At week's end, he headed back to the links with three other premiers. Klein and Harris chose to go deeper fishing together instead. And Bocharard, who was one of the last to arrive, was also one of the first to leave. As in their deliberations, different outlooks seemed to lead to very different destinations.

The odd man out this year was again the premier of Quebec. As the meeting began, Bocharard berated McGrew for writing a letter of support to a group of federalists in Quebec who are provoking parties on the province because some might, McGrew

Avoiding the U-word

Try as they might, there was just no getting away from it. The 10 premiers and two territorial leaders who gathered in St. Andrews, N.B., last week for the annual premiers' conference insisted from the outset that they would not formally discuss the one issue sure to provide discussion: national unity. After all, the topic had been left off the agenda to avoid offending Quebec Premier Lucien Bocharard, and the other leaders, if nothing else, were determined to present Ottawa with a united front. But throughout the two-day conference, the issue continued to bubble under the meeting's cordial surface. With Saskatchewan's Roy Romanow at one point saying he would not be "discriminated" by Bocharard's refusal to discuss unity. Apparently bowing to the inevitable, the premiers closed the conference by announcing they will meet again in five weeks to tackle the Quebec question. Again, Bocharard declined to attend. "We don't expect anybody, at all, to walk out with a solution," noted New Brunswick Premier Frank McKenna, frustrated over reporters' slanted response to the plan. "We are just here to talk—that's all we are doing."

As McKenna then replied, many Canadians might agree that talk is better than nothing. But it will also undoubtedly be far from enough. Although the premiers have not as-

sumed for 36 years—often using such meetings as a platform for putting their demands to the federal government—the conferences have seldom resulted in concrete change. Fiscal policy, federalism and lack of consensus have traditionally sabotaged their efforts. In what was perhaps an unintentional demonstration of how little has come of the meetings, McKenna last week held up a picture of the premiers' meeting 20 years ago in St. Andrews—with former Quebec premier René Lévesque standing insolently in the centre, arms folded across his chest. While McKenna applauded the continuity the photo seemed to represent, others saw only the same unresolved problems. At their heart, some suggested, is continuing uncertainty over the most fundamental criterion. As Hugh Segal, an occasional constitutional adviser to Ontario's Mike Harris, quipped, "I don't think we're ever going to fireproof this needle without addressing the issue of our core national identity."

The odd man out this year was again the premier of Quebec. As the meeting began, Bocharard berated McGrew for writing a letter of support to a group of federalists in Quebec who are provoking parties on the province because some might, McKenna

The premiers dance around the unity issue



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Leon Van Hecke: It becomes scary

CANADA FROM DELIA, ALTA. Summertime blues

Under a cloudless sky, the Prairie horizon glimmers as heat rises from the baking soil. Here, in the southern acre centre of a drought that has gripped a wide swath of central and southern Alberta since early June, fields that should be in the final stages of maturing are brown and lifeless. The parched earth has turned to a dusty powder, leaving scouted and sown worthless crops. Last week, Leon Van Hecke, 65, and his son Brian, 35, who farm 530 hectares near Delia, Alta.—60 km northeast of Drumheller—went out to survey the damage. Bunching down, Leon pulled out a clump from his canola oilseed crop and split open a pod. “See this,” he said, pointing to what looked like tiny specks of black pepper in his palm. “Those are supposed to be plump, round seeds. There’s nothing here. This crop isn’t worth harvesting.”

Across a field covering an estimated 36,000-square-kilometres and stretching into western Saskatchewan, three weeks of punishing heat, combined with two months without rain, have turned fields of dormant into 6 national nightmares. A spring that started with the promise of abundant moisture—left behind by last winter’s heavy snowfall—has slowly and pitifully evolved into a summer of frustration. Ed Golby, a crop insurance adjuster who covers the affected area and has lived in the region his entire life, says 75 per cent of the crops will end up as animal feed

“It’s the driest I’ve seen with this much heat, and so rain,” says Golby.

Weather, of course, plays with the emotions of farmers. While a widespread rainfall has not been seen throughout the region since early June, distances between farms of only a few kilometres can mean the difference between a crop-saving rain and no relief at all. There have been days when Brian Van Hecke stood helplessly watching a shower—which looked so close he could reach out and touch it—only to have it raise his land completely. “When that happens, it’s hard to describe the feeling,” says Van Hecke, who lives with his wife and daughter a kilometre down the road from his parents. “It’s like watching us in office and the boss hands out cheques, but you don’t get one.” The lack of the down rain at that time means that a good-looking field before their crops had reached the point of no return are able to salvage a decent harvest. “Driving along,” says Golby, “you’ll see nothing but scouted, burned-out crops and all of a sudden there will be a good-looking field because that day happened to get a lucky shower.”

Gary Peterson, who farms two kilometres away from the Van Hecks, is not one of the lucky ones. With 400 hectares seeded to

wheat and canola, Peterson says an average wheat crop will produce 75 bushels a hectare. This year, he will be fortunate to get 15. “What can I say? It’s been an ugly year,” says Peterson, 48, as he yanks a clump of wheat from his field and crumbles a handful with his, shrunken fingers. “I guess the only good thing is that there isn’t much of it, and it shouldn’t be hard to get rid of a dead wheat.” It’s summers like this that sometimes make Peterson wonder about his decision to give up a career as a geologist with a Calgary oil company in 1975 and get into farming as a land adjustment for his parents’ farm, where he grew up. “But you know even when things are tough, I still wouldn’t go back,” adds Peterson, whose wife Delores helps pay the bills by selling bedding plants that she grows each spring in her greenhouse on the farm. “There’s something about being out on a tractor, working your land, that can’t be matched.”

Steadiness and commitment are two virtues that many farmers will need to get through the season. On top of the drought, initial grain prices announced this month by the Canadian Wheat Board are down significantly due to large grain inventories in other countries. The actual price for top-grade wheat, which the board pays when farmers deliver their crop to the elevator, plummeted to \$238 a tonne from last year’s price of \$260 a tonne. “What that means is, we won’t come close to getting our costs back,” says Leon Van Hecke, who has farmed the same land for 25 years and never seen a summer this hot and dry. “We’ll be able to survive this year, but if the same was to happen again next year, then it becomes scary.”

Adding to the frustration, some farmers feel they might be more than just victims of Mother Nature. The regular south of the storm clouds building up the foothills on the western horizon and then disappearing with out a drop of rain has made some ask if the drought is partly a result of hail-suppression efforts to the west. Conly that storm clouds are rare in the Calgary area, and for the last two years, insurance companies have been seeding storm clouds with chemicals to prevent hail from

forming. Many farmers in the drought belt believe that, as a result, rain falls before clouds move east. But Rick Rogers, branch manager for Western Insurance in Calgary and one of the hail-suppression program’s signatories, is in no hurry to make the case. “There is no evidence that the weather changes weather patterns.” All the research indicates there is no correlation between what we’re doing and rain not falling elsewhere,” says Rogers. Maybe so. But farmers who have spent two months looking anxiously towards a sky that has denied them rain are not so sure. All they know is this drought is the worst they can remember.

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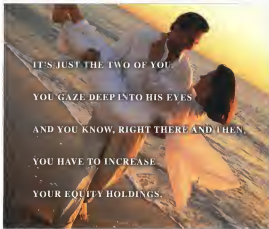
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Canada NOTES

A NEW PARTY

Four Liberal members of the Saskatchewan legislature quit their caucus to join the Progressive Conservatives, and in the process formed a new right-wing alliance called the Saskatchewan Party. The party is supported to push for smaller government, lower taxes and balanced budgets. The announcement followed reports that Reform is considering forming a party in the province.

SUBWAY SCARE

About 50 subway passengers in Toronto were treated in hospital for smoke inhalation after a stack of rubber mats caught fire in a service corridor. Hundreds of commuters narrowly escaped serious injury as they fled along tunnels through dense black smoke. At the end of last week, the cause of the fire remained unknown. Two years ago, three people died when one train collided with another.

THE RED RIVER BILL

The Red Cross announced that 700 Manitoba families whose houses were destroyed by last spring's Red River flood will share in the \$12 million reimagining the agency's relief fund. To date, the Red Cross has distributed \$4.5 million in income support. The new money will help rebuild damaged homes. The defence department, meanwhile, estimated that battling the flood cost it as much as \$41 million.

CHARGES FOR BABY DEATH

Angie Martin, a 45-year-old cancerer with the Metro Catholic Children's Aid Society in Toronto, was charged last week with criminal negligence causing death in connection with the death of five-week-old Jordan Green and Nekepa. The infant, who was under the society's supervision, died of starvation in a Toronto shelter on June 25. Also charged was the baby's mother, 19-year-old Rose Nekepa.

ALLEGATIONS OF ABUSE

The defence department announced that military police have been sent to Haiti to investigate allegations that peacekeepers verbally abused and humiliated three Haitians caught withdrawing a Canadian camp late last month. The military's quick response came amid sharply with its drawn-out 1993 investigation into Canadian peacekeepers who killed two Somali men.



WHAT A BLAST: Canadian astronaut Ravi Tyrgvason (inset) could barely contain his glee prior to the launch of the space shuttle Discovery in Cape Canaveral, Fla. "I've never seen him smile so much," Tyrgvason's brother Svarar said. Born in Iceland, Tyrgvason, 51, came to Canada at age 7 and was raised in Nova Scotia and British Columbia. While on the 11-day mission, the engineer will test a Canadian-developed shock-absorbing device for protecting experiments in zero gravity. His five American counterparts, meanwhile, will study cancer cells, the Earth's ozone layer and the Hale-Bopp comet before the shuttle returns on Aug. 18.

Clark sees red

BC Premier Glen Clark was not amused. Last week, The Vancouver Sun quoted unnamed federal sources who alleged that Clark was looking for a five-stung way to back out of his term to close the Nanosco Bay military base on Vancouver Island. Last May, Clark threatened to close the Nanosco Bay facility used by the U.S. navy, following the collapse of talks between Canada and the United States over Pacific salmon quotas. In an effort to settle the dispute before the lease on the Nanosco Bay ended on Aug. 25, Clark met with federal Defence Minister Art Eggleston and Fisheries Minister David Anderson in Vancouver late last month. Clark said he was

shocked that details of the private meeting were leaked and vehemently denied Ottawa's version of what transpired. "It's gross distortion to take my comments and say I'm looking for a way out," Clark said.

Earlier in the week, Eggleston cautioned Clark that the federal government will not allow British Columbia to close Nanosco. In issuing his warning, Eggleston feared that Ottawa might incorporate the Nanosco problem. But Clark said his province is not about to change its position unless there is an agreement on a time frame for resolving the salmon dispute, or an agreed-upon process for reaching a solution. "Instead of trying to convince me not to deal with Nanosco," Clark said, "they should be using it as leverage with the United States to get an agreement."

Cleaning up hockey

Sports lawyer Gordon Kille released *Players First*, his report on preventing sexual abuse in junior hockey. Commissioned last January by the Canadian Hockey League—which oversees the three main junior leagues—the report says the CHL's 51 teams should each hire independent advisors to educate players about

abuse. It also recommended screening employees and creating a toll-free number to report assaults. The CHL welcomed the report. And former Boston Bruin Sheldon Kennedy, who last year revealed he had been sexually abused by his junior coach Graham James—later sentenced to 18 months in jail—said a toll-free line would have given him "a place to go if I wouldn't have felt it confine in silence."

INDIA'S PASSAGE

A moment comes when comes but rarely in history, when we step out from the old to the new, when an age ends and when the seed of a nation, long suppressed, finds expression

—Jawaharlal Nehru, first prime minister of a free India, on Aug. 14, 1947, the last day of British rule

It is a rainy Thursday evening in downtown Bombay, and Nehru Jay is about to get dinner delivered to her studio apartment. "Would you like pizza, Chhaya?" she asks a few women who have gathered at her place in the lively Colaba district before heading out to one of the city's last new dance clubs.

Fast-food delivery has been available only in the past few years, but by the new youth culture that arrived with MTV and Baskin Robbins after India embarked its centrally planned economy in 1949. Jain, who has been working late averaging the interior design of a planned new Marriott Hotel, enjoys the convenience. "Pizza it is," she says. The thin orange pie arrives minutes later, mostly for her Indian friends with spicy hot chilies.

Single at 42, and candidly clear with shoulder-cropped hair, 7-foot-4-inch Jain admits her traditional parents have given up hope that she will find a husband and have children. Three of her male guests have yet to think about babies, they are too busy with the high-income careers in real estate they began in the last five years. Except for the son of humanity raised out just a few kilometers away—half of Bombay's more than 15 million people are homeless—this group could as easily be hanging out in, say, Vancouver.

As a Bangalore fan circulates the brown moment, as they pause in ponder India's Golden Jubilee. The country's Mahatma Gandhi's light for freedom and national self-sufficiency is ancient history. Aug. 15, Independence Day, will be celebrated mostly as a day off work. "Independence for me means a lot of business," says 27-year-old Jude Cardozo, an events promoter who moved to Bombay from the resort city of Goa. "Everybody wants to catch on to it, to buy their product in the 50th anniversary." There are freedom billboards, freedom concerts, even red paint and lip-

SPECIAL REPORT



stick in the national colors of green and orange. "It is media hype," says 24-year-old Hishay Naidu, an advertising account manager, as one of the four cellular telephones in the room starts to ring.

It is not exactly the new age that Nehru had in mind when he celebrated the end of two centuries of British rule at midnight on Aug. 14, 1947. To many Indians, the consumer side of the nation's soul was suppressed during 44 years of Nehru's generalist socialist anti-protectionist policies and now "India's entrance" in the fruits of 50 years of economic liberalization. It was, after all, virtually impossible to buy a Sony TV or a foreign car legally in India as recently as a decade ago.

Now, Ford, Peugeot and Suzuki are replacing the long-reigning Indian Ambassador as roads where sacred cows and destitute beggars still share the streets. In New Delhi, a Pizza Hut outlet opened earlier this year with its staff dancing the Macarena, as if to celebrate India's lands arrival in the global economy.



Princess patterns rise, Bombay disco (left), leaving tradition behind



Nehru and Gandhi in 1946. To many, the freedom fight seems like recent history

The children of India's wealthy elite have become yuppies who are laxer on literature and pepper their conversation with business abbreviations like MCI (multimedia of information) and CDP (computer selling point). The dynamic, southern city of Bangalore is now India's Silicon Valley, headquarters of the domestic computer industry. And most significantly, there is a new upwardly mobile middle class, estimated at anywhere from 100 to 300 million strong, buying cars at thousands of working men's hands and cars on credit, a recent concept. Even in urban slums like Bombay's Dharavi, TV's glow from under shacks. Global satellite broadcasting—available since 1988—is now penetrating rural India, where 70 percent of the population still lives. The sheer numbers involved in the new market have led Western business gurus to rank India among the world's top 10 emerging economies.

Canada's stake in India's future is rising as well. Early last year, Prime Minister Jean Chretien's Visas Canada fund alone signed \$700 million worth of initial contracts—although only \$150 million in Canadian investment has so far followed. The Bank of Nova Scotia entered India in 1984, and Toronto Dominion Bank opened in Bombay last year. Alcan Aluminium Ltd. has invested in mining equipment, and other Canadian resource firms may enter as the value of a decade later months ago in open mining to foreign firms. Meanwhile, the country continues to be a source of 15,000 to 20,000 immigrants a year to Canada, where the India-Canadian community exceeds 300,000 (page 32). Taking advantage of the vigorous Bombay stock market, at least one is national firm in marketing Aug. 15 by launching a new India-bound fund for Canadian investors.

Some call India the next Asian Tiger, predicting that the world's most populous democracy—now at about 900 million and growing at

20 trillion a year—and that China was a new economic superpower by 2030. Finance Minister P. Chidambaram, speaking at a New Delhi seminar last week, said he expects India's economy to grow by seven per cent this year and to maintain eight per cent annually in the future. Yet, as the honeymoon of Indian capitalism passes, economists have begun to question whether such a paltry growth rate is sustainable—and even wonder standardly will improve beyond the past privileged layers of society. "In India, you are not pursuing a new global strategy like China or South Korea," says C. P. Chaudhary, a noted economist at New Delhi's Jawahar Education University. "You are opening up and hoping for the best."

There is a long way to go. India's annual per-capita income is a mere \$1,550, trailing even neighboring Bangladesh and well behind Pakistan's \$4,050 (Canada is \$30,000). Almost half the population is

drinking water. Most of the raw foreign investment—\$3.7 billion last year alone—has been spent on making and marketing upscale retail discs. Surveys show that most of rural India does not even know television has happened. "A beam of light is being shone on a small part of our population, and the darkness around it is being ignored," says Arundhati Roy, acclaimed author of the novel *The God of Small Things*. "These people in the darkness are not being heard because they do not have a voice."

The reason that we live for power are increasingly isolated. Regional and nationalist parties have gained ascendancy, displacing Nehru's long-dominant Congress Party and leading to shaky coalition governments in 15 Delhi, current Prime Minister Indira Gandhi led the left in New Delhi. Ethnic and religious tensions such as those between Hindu and Muslims continue to simmer, with minorities still strong of the bloodshed that killed nearly a million people when India and Pakistan were partitioned 50 years ago. The discriminatory caste system remains entrenched, and resentment over it is being exploited by politicians. Corruption is rampant, and criminal dons would have control over government officials.

"A new India is emerging, but whose India?" asks Amar Chaturvedi, 50-year-old editor of the *Bombay Observer* daily. The *Mumbai*, like view of the past. For to 10 years is black. "With all this unemployment and corruption, what is there to celebrate?" he asks. "The fire of the freedom struggle has turned into ashes."

The new generation is also undergoing rapid social changes, such as a rise in divorce. Kalpana Sharma, assistant editor of India's new one-quarter English language paper, *The Hindu*, decries the "me first" selfishness of the younger generation. "I grew up with a pan Indian identity," she says. Sharma, who, at 30, is from the generation known as "baby-boom children." "We had a social conscience," she says. "The goals of Nehru and Gandhi? They are really dead. If you are not a convert, you are an outcast."

Yet far people like 51-year-old Hiral Chitale, the gods of Nehru and Gandhi are as alive as if they were proclaimed yesterday. "We

were alone before," says Chitale, a now-blind fisherman who was jailed for three months in 1930 for his part in the Quit India movement that eventually led to British rule. "Only those who knew slavery can appreciate the joy of freedom." Chitale rose from a village in 1946, preaching civil disobedience. "A monk would beat a drum and Gandhi would walk very quickly through the crowd, stopping to lay his hands on the heads of women," he recalls. Chitale teaches us of the problems facing India today, drawing how much waste of his village was in his youth. "All through we still talk with each other," he says of his life's dream. "It's democracy is superior."

Without doubt, maintaining a spirited parliamentary system—through free work, numerous regional insurgencies and the assassinations of Nehru's daughter Indira Gandhi and her son and successor Rajiv Gandhi—is the chief legacy of 1947. A vigorous press and reasonably fair elections continue to provide a release valve for

anger. Abandoning the solution of choice for those who get annoyed, says Nanda, looking around to see. "Many one can hear him. Outside HQ, some kids play into one's personal Mercedes for the 1 a.m. ride back to their affluent suburb. How do they respond to the poverty they drive by? 'I hold a shell around myself,' says Nanda. "Maybe when I become wealthy I can start a project that will make a difference."

There is no time for pity and destructive criticism, no time for ill will or blaming others. We have to build the noble memory of free India where all her children may dwell.

—Nehru

The concrete apartment blocks of Vasant Vihar mark the horizon of suburban New Delhi, its outdoor shopping strips lining the subdivisions and dust streets. This horizon of the new middle class is home to about 100,000 people—and almost an equal number of migrant squatters who live in tent "slums" throughout. The chairman of the Vasant Vihar residents' association, businessman Jagdish Khosla, and his wife Shweta are a sort of Indian Time and Herald, espousing an upward mobility reminiscent of North America's new suburbs of the 1950s and '60s. But Gaze and Herald did not have to deal with squatters. Khosla says 90 per cent of all his association's budget goes for security; the colony is strictly patrolled by the police.

The Khoslas are giving their two young children a good education, which in India means a costly private school where English is the language of instruction and computers are taught from age 8. "My wife stays home, but my daughter will surely work when she grows up," says Khosla. "These kids want to know as about who they marry." Almost every house here has a washing machine, and many have cars. Drivers or cleaning ladies from across lower than their own.

Yet this island of new prosperity may not be what it seems, says anti-capitalist economist Chandralekha. He is not concerned about the running debate over the size of the middle class—some studies contend it is only 40 million people purchasing all the consumer goods—but about whether it will expand. The rise of the middle class, he says, owes little to the reforms of the past few years, and much to the blunting of the civil service during the 1970s and '80s. Private business in the '90s has blossomed out—but failed to increase the overall number of jobs. "The consumer society won't necessarily grow, not at this rate," says Chandralekha. "It is too fragile."

Try telling that to those who sell products such as electronic rubbers and food processors in India's own home shopping TV network. The items are pitched at women like Shweta Khosla, who may want to use an Oreo toaster to make "pizza, for the long of my heart!" according to use information. An electronic food control sensor for the fridge is no simple "even housewives can install it," says another.

Shweta Deb, English-speaking India's best-selling novelist, says the ads are evidence of how the Indian women have to go to be liberated from centuries-old stereotypes. Still, a new revolution in the attitudes of urban women is apparent in the pages of such magazines as *Flame* or *Sassy*, which recently sailed on its cover: "Cloning what will we do with the men?" And

War and Assassination

India's turbulent half century

Calcutta on the Indian subcontinent goes back more than 4,000 years, but none of its many rulers and invaders managed to unite India as completely as the crownless Britain did in the 19th century. At independence in 1947, Muslim Pakistan went its own way, but today's India remains united with a population approaching one billion. Even so, it has been a turbulent 50 years. Key events:

1946 Mahatma Gandhi, India's revered guru of nonviolence, is assassinated by a Hindu militant. India and Pakistan fight over the disputed Kashmir region.

1962 A brief border war with China entrenches mutual enmities that remain today.

1963 India and Pakistan fight their second war over Kashmir.

1966 Indira Gandhi, daughter of late freedom leader Jawahar Nehru, becomes prime minister.

1971 India and Pakistan fight a third war, leading to the India-backed creation of Bangladesh from the former East Pakistan. The United States "tilts" to Pakistan, causing a long-lasting chill with New Delhi.

1974 India detonates a nuclear device, apparently aided by Canadian reactor technology and know-how.

1975 Indira Gandhi declares a two-year state of emergency after a court voids her election.

1980 Her son and her apparent Sanjay dies in a light plane crash.

1984 Gandhi's widow dies in a car crash.

1985 Gandhi's widow dies in a car crash.

1986 Gandhi's widow dies in a car crash.

1987 Gandhi's widow dies in a car crash.

1989 Rajiv Gandhi is assassinated by a suicide bomber, apparently a Sri Lankan Tamil militant. Successor P. V. Narasimha Rao, facing a financial crisis, launches a sweeping program of economic liberalization.

1990 Rao steps down after losing an election, to be followed by three prime ministers over the next year.

'The consumer society won't necessarily grow. It is too fragile.'



Shopping for household appliances: charting a mini-revolution in the attitudes of urban women

a notice containing every major religion and more than 1,000 deities. "We live in democracy, but we don't dare a break about politics," says promoter Cardam.

For the young shopping and music middle class at Bombay's 300-disc Aruna-chand teenagers are less concerned with the rise of the untouchable right than with who's hot among Western rock stars and the catchy homegrown hybrid known as Indipop. Magoo Gomez, 20, and her friend Triana D'Souza, 19, both shy and trendy in retro plaid shirts and black nailpolish, have been going out at night for three years. "I don't smoke," says Gomez. "I don't drink. I just like to dance with my friends. It's good, clean fun. My parents don't mind."

But we are worried at the loss of our Hindu gods who are a low-income knowledge of the new openness in which 15- and 35-year-old suburban girls, whose parents don't let them go out at night, hold



Mahatma Gandhi and supporters



Indira Gandhi



Rajiv Gandhi



Execution in Bangladesh war

Dr's sexually abused men. Surviving Manu, was a popular success, as are her books about sexually confident women. *Self Esteem*, a television magazine she writes, has as its focus a late Indian-tradition magazine called *Two Dignified* (which she has broadcast to 250 million viewers). She says "Ten years ago it would have been unthinkable."

The big change, the author says, is that large numbers of women are working outside the home. "Women are now seeing there is a world out there and they are part of it," she says. "They are now realizing they have control over their bodies and the right to enjoy sex." She is highly optimistic about India's future, precisely because she has never had trouble writing what she chooses. "I wouldn't have been this free as any other Asian society," she says.

That other intellectuals agree, is a source of comfort to what is otherwise an aching line in the national identity. "Democracy in India means freedom of expression," says the country's most celebrated activist, Charles Correa. "Yes, we get to complain about everything," adds his wife Monica, as the two teach at the Baring Graduate School club, a refuge from the British Raj. What is still missing is social accountability and good governance, says Correa, who chaired a 1998 report on corruption as an educationist. The corruption scandals that eventually drove the Gandhi family's ruling Congress Party from power have led to widespread cynicism. Many Indians are placing their hopes in the market because all else seems to have failed.

"The mistake we made was thinking a bureaucracy could deliver social justice," says Correa, who now reluctantly supports economic liberalization. "In 1947, the rich behaved so badly to the poor, if you didn't side with the oppressed you had to be a horrible person." Now, Correa wants to see the effectiveness of heavy-handed state control swept away.

Author Iqbal Behra's years of British rule lie at the heart of India's current confusion, having disrupted the development of the country's economy—and its identity. "The legacy of colonialism is something we grapple with every day of our lives," she says. "Now, we have to take responsibility for ourselves."

The arrival of India means the arrival of the millions who suffer. It means the ending of poverty and ignorance and disease and inequality of opportunity. So long as there are tears and suffering, so long our task and not be over.

—Nehru

In the forest village of Bhatla, the tiny Sita has given birth to twins. At a month and a half old, they look like newborns, their mother's milk providing insufficient nourishment. She, a tribal woman of approximately 28, has two other children and has been living in the huts in the forest in the undivided forest of Bhatla, a three-hour train ride from Bhatla. Her two 27 rupees (\$1) a day and survives by supplementing by following a pigeon-stomached rice paddy. The women pick roots in the forest, having



The Khannas: middle-class comfort amid squatters

Will life improve for the masses?



Electronics workers visit new market

developed a method to safely cook the poisonous roots.

This is life at rock bottom in India. Many of the area's "tribals"—India's First Nations—are severely malnourished, despite the rice and multivitamins tablets the local health aid distributes. The tribals are a source of cheap labor who often begin their lives at age 10, working away from home along sea coasts in the coastal wetlands for eight months at a time. Scheduling, if they get any, seldom lasts more than three years. The majority of the men eventually migrate to the slums of Bombay. Pradeep Prabhu and his wife Silvana Babbar have been working in 200 villages near Dehra for two decades. Things have improved since 1947, says Prabhu, because migrant workers have been freed by hard physical labor at the fringes of the capitalist economy. "Immigration in some extent has taken place," says Prabhu, an economist in his voice. "Unlabeled bondage has been replaced by seasonal and partial bondage."

Prabhu and Babbar also fear the long-term effects of a thermal power plant built in Dehra to supply Bombay—but not the locals—with electricity. Much of the topsoil in the area was removed for landfill to build it, temperatures are affecting the fast growing season, and coal burnings expected to bring acid rain to nearby forests within a decade. Environmentalists say such dedication is the underappreciated underbelly of economic growth. "The consumer society is destroying our social fabric and natural resources," says activist Medha Patkar, who won the Goldman award, the world's top environmental honor, for opposing the World Bank-funded Narmada Dam in Gujarat state. "That is the real threat."

In Beijing, economist Jia Ding, who has studied India for 15 years, the reforms are not saving jobs everywhere. Unless the government turns its attention to social development, he says, the benefits of liberalization will take decades to trickle down to the masses. "It is an easy thing to demolish the empire," he says. "It is quite another thing to rebuild it in a healthy way. If you want the private sector to flourish, you need the public sector to function."

Even in the private sector, it has not been rosygoing. Several U.S. companies including Microsoft, Kellogg and even Coca-Cola, have acknowledged difficulties in cracking the complex Indian market. German electronics giant Siemens announced last month that it is losing money for the first time in six years of Indian operations. But to young businessmen like Jahangir Sethi, 33, these are simply growing pains. "Socialism was a bad movement for our country—we're getting over it," says Sethi, who owns a commercial film-filming studio Bombay. As for the threat to the country's identity, "We've had 2,000 years of outsiders coming in. The Muslims and the British could destroy Indian culture. Why do they think MTV will?"

Bombay housekeeper Kaveri Aggarwal, 43, agrees. "We stayed away for too long, she says after coming back from a visit with the dog at her nephew's place. But she also displays the pride of a woman who loves to criticize India. "When I was a child, a man of the last 50 years," she says, "was our own enemy." The most striking expression of India after a half century of going it alone is the repression of its people even as their society shifts under their feet. □

A Community Trauma

Police close in on suspects in the Air India tragedy

BY HARRY CAMP

For Lata Poda, the memory of it is indelible, that precise moment when her life changed forever. It occurred at 13 minutes past 8 in the morning on June 23, 1985. At that instant, Air India Flight 182, crisscrossing 3,300 miles above the Atlantic Ocean off the south coast of Ireland, exploded, killing all 329 people onboard. Among the dead were Poda's entire family—her husband, Vithala, 47, and her two daughters, Brenda, 28, and Arbi, 15. For the past 12 years, the woman who was once a wife and mother living in Sudbury, Ont., has been rebuilding. She found solace in dance, eventually managing to fashion a career as a professional performer of Bharata Natyam, the classical Indian form. But she never forgot—neither the pain of her loss nor her frustration with the seeming indifference of the Canadian authorities about her plight.

"Most of us who lost family in that tragedy spent all our energy trying to get back on track, clinging to anything that would give meaning to our lives," recalls Poda, now 49 and living in the Toronto suburb of Mississauga. "But there was a total disregard for our feelings by the government. We sent letters and petitions to the Prime Minister's Office and never got a reply. It's only since the 10th anniversary of the crash that it seems there has been more of an effort at investigating the attack."

Poda's sentiment is not an isolated one. It is, in fact, widely shared among the 500,000 members of Canada's Indian community. Few were untouched by the disaster in the skies off the Irish coast. Of the dead, 278 were Canadians, the vast majority either immigrants or the offspring of immigrants from India. "Almost every family knows someone who was directly affected by what is, without doubt, the biggest mass murder in Canadian history," says Suresh Karli, a 36-year-old Richmond, B.C., civil servant and human rights activist. As a result, many Canadians of Indian descent have come to view the Air India crash as both a defining moment in the community's century-long, often



Poda, mourning widows in 1985 (below) is still distraught for her 'lost family'



troubled history in this country as well as a litmus test of modern-day mainstream Canada's acceptance of the Indo-Canadian in their midst. "We've had public inquiries into Westray Mines, Gander, Dryden, Hinton, tainted blood and I don't know what else," Karli complains. "Why have we had no inquiry into this? It makes me feel like a second-class citizen. I feel I am not equal to white Canadians."

Obviously, successive Canadian governments have insisted the Indian community's repeated calls for a public inquiry by shifting the blame to the Royal Canadian Mounted Po-

key, arguing that an inquiry is possible until the Mounties' criminal investigation is complete. Given the extraordinary amount of time that has elapsed without a single arrest, those explanations have tended to be greeted with widespread skepticism, even scorn. And much the same applies to the hints the RCMP has been dropping in recent months, suggesting that the force is closing in on at least four known suspects in British Columbia's Sikh community. "We don't think it takes any time for the RCMP to say with a grain of salt," says Toronto-based journalist Ajit Jain.

Maybe so, but the Mounties are sounding increasingly confident. "We're satisfied now that there will be a successful conclusion to this investigation," RCMP commissioner Philip Murray told *Maclean's* last week. He said that the Mounties' Air India task force, a 25-member squad based in Vancouver, is in the process of "building documentation" that will soon allow the Crown counsel's office in British Columbia to lay charges, he declined to even generally categorize the alleged perpetrators. He did, however, disclose that the force knows the identities and current location "of the suspects we're after."

The Mounties have never made it a secret that they are firmly convinced Air India's Flight 182 was blown out of the sky by members of a militant Sikh fringe group—the *Babbar Khanda* movement—based in British Columbia, but intent on carrying an independent state of "Dhikistan" from what is now India's Punjab. New Delhi officials say the group's leader, former Barnaby Rennie's Tamilander Singh Parmar, was killed in a shootout with Indian police in 1986, although other reports say he died in jail. The RCMP claim Indrojit Singh Remy is another member of the same group. Royal, an automobile electrician living in the Vancouver Island town of Duncan, was convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to 10 years in prison in 1991 for his role in a bomb blast at Japan's Narita airport that killed two Japanese businessmen. The Narita bomb exploded one hour before the Air India jet fell into the sea, and was carried in luggage originating in Vancouver that was being transferred to a Bangkok-bound flight by the Indian carrier. "Narita and Air India are intimately linked," declares Vancouver-based RCMP Staff Sgt. Peter Minns. "They were part of the same conspiracy to strike at the government of India."

At the moment, the RCMP's main problem with the Air India case seems to be jurisdictional. When charges—most probably conspiracy to commit murder—are eventually filed, the force's investigators expect the resulting trial to be among the most complicated in Canadian legal history. More than 400 witnesses are likely to be called in a process that will almost certainly stretch out more than a year. Much of the evidence will be untested, primarily because the Air India crash's watery grave lies 2½ km beneath the surface of the Atlantic. Despite the use of sophisticated underwater gear, supplied by France at a cost to the Mounties of \$1.6 million, the RCMP team was never able to recover much

more than five per cent of the Boeing 747's wreckage. There is not even direct proof that a bomb was responsible for the tragedy.

As a result, the RCMP has been forced to marshal circumstantial evidence and assemble expert witnesses from four countries—India, Britain, Britain and Japan. For the past several months, the Mounties have been fishing out across the globe. In June, a seven-member team spent the month in India, apparently interviewing Sikh separatists in Indian prisons. Earlier, they were in both Ireland and Britain. And next month, they are scheduled to go to Japan. "It would be a bit simpler if all of the evidence was in our own country, because then we could just gather it up and present it," said commissioner Murray. "But to the fact that in a several other countries means we have to go through legal channels in order to acquire all the data. That's taken

Mounties expect the trial to be one of their most complex ever



Activist Kaur: "Why have we had no inquiry?" it makes me feel like a second-class citizen.

ling up a lot of time. But this is such an important case that we've got to make sure we get it right."

Murray refused to predict how much more time it will take to complete the investigation. But the case is already the most expensive in RCMP history. The Mounties have spent \$30 million on it to date, not including the \$5-million reward for information that was posted more than two years ago. In recent months, reacting to Indian community criticism that the pace has been too slow, the RCMP has been regularly briefing community leaders as well as the surviving relatives of the victims. "It's something that we shouldn't have been doing right from the beginning," acknowledged Murray.

The trial has been the emergence of a new willingness in the community to sue the RCMP in connection with a measure of impunity. "Now that all the delays are understandable to us we're not so unhappy," says Bawa Bhakshar, co-ordinator of the 50-member *Chitra* Alliance for an Air India inquiry, a group that has

frequently voiced outspoken criticism about the lack of progress. Whether that mood prevails depends largely on the outcome of the RCMP's efforts to bring those responsible to justice. "It can't convert a crime against humanity into a bearable life experience," says R.C. civil servant Karl, "but it will help to heal the pain."

It would also help to eradicate the nagging suspicion among many Indo-Canadians that the whole tragic affair might have been settled with far more dispatch if the victims had not been Sikh-skinned Indians but rather white Canadians of European descent. There are plenty of sound historical reasons that explain why the community feels this way, dating all the way back to 1867 when the first visitors from the Indian subcontinent arrived in Canada. They were members of a British army Sikh regiment, routed through Canada on their way back to India after taking part in Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee celebrations in London. In 1904, 45 of those soldiers returned to the country to settle in British Columbia's Lower Mainland where they were engaged principally in logging and logging.

Three years later, the B.C. legis later moved to stop any further immigration from south Asia by disfranchising all "natives of India not of Anglo-Saxon parents," and barred them from logging on Crown lands or entering the legal and medical professions. An even more notorious episode occurred in 1914 when the *Kanagata Maru*, a Japanese freighter, anchored at Vancouver harbor carrying 376 potential immigrants from India. The majority of them Sikh veterans of the British army. They were forbidden entry by Canadian immigration officials. For the next two months, the *Kanagata Maru* lay at anchor in Burrard Inlet while officials quarantined and the passengers onboard were denied adequate provisions. In the end, the ship was forced to depart, leaving behind only 30 passengers who could prove former residence in Canada. It was escorted out of Vancouver harbor by a Canadian naval vessel, the first official act of the newly formed Royal Canadian Navy.

From the Indian community's point of view, nothing much changed to improve the situation for the next 50 years. Within two decades, Sikh, first as identity markers of labor, then as Canadian prime wage earners, came to be feared by many that strict controls remained on immigration from Asia.

It was not until 1947, in fact, that Indo-Canadians, along with Chinese-Canadians, finally regained the right to vote. Not long



Toronto's Little India: better educated and wealthier

Indo-Canadians not regained the vote in 1947



Punjab-born Boshig: "We have come a long way"

months, 3,000 Gurmukhs and 2,000 Tardis and Telugus

Despite the diversity, the community's multiracial membership does seem to be united by a common desire to weave itself more closely into Canada's multicultural fabric. And that is precisely why so many have been dismayed by the glacial pace of the RCMP's Air India investigation. Twelve years may have passed since Flight 182 suddenly exploded. Most Canadians may have forgotten the incident. Most Indo-Canadians certainly have not.

PHIL BAGESWASSE PHOTO BY TORONTO; ADDRESSING ANTHONY IN VICTORIA AND SCOTT STEELE IN VICTORIA

'A normal boy'

An accused terrorist had a record in Canada

To hear his family tell it, Ghani Bendar Abu Mazur was a typical youth, determined to make a better life for himself in America, far from the seething Israeli-Palestinian turmoil in his West Bank home town of Hebron. "He is a normal boy with aspirations for the future," says his brother Nasser. Hebron has fewer. "He wanted to work and get married." But others who knew the young Palestinian in his homeland tell a far different story. As an adolescent, they recall, he was a cantankerous misanthrope that he once robbed the wife of his elementary school. As a teen, they say, he may even have been involved in a bank robbery. In total, it was a record that earned Abu Mazur a bad reputation—and a distinctive nickname among the youth of Hebron: "We called him," says one Hebronite who would give his name only as Amer, "the Devil."

They vary widely, but another version of Abu Mazur's character fully explains how the 25-year-old ended up in a squallid Brooklyn apartment where, on July 31, police shot and arrested him and another Palestinian, Ladi Khalil, on suspicion of plotting to bomb a New York City subway station. As law-enforcement officials in the United States and Canada tried to peer together the puzzle of Abu Mazur, who was in a New York hospital last week recovering from two bullet wounds to the right leg, his movements before the arrest remained largely obscure—as did his motives. But one thing was clear: the progress of Abu Mazur from petty thief to suspected terrorist had been through Canada. Criting privacy laws in the United States would not risk revealing information about his immigration status. But the justice details that have emerged since his arrest suggest that Abu Mazur—despite his reputation at home and a series of run-ins with Canadian police—slipped through the cracks of the immigration system. He left the West Bank in 1992 with a Jordanian passport and the equivalent of \$8,000, given him by brother Nasser, and applied for refugee status in Cana-

da where he hoped to take a business administration course in Ottawa. Sometime before February 1994, however, he moved to Toronto, where he worked at odd jobs and lived in a low-rent area downtown. He soon became well known to Toronto police. His most serious brush with the law was in October 1994, when he was charged with sexually assaulting a woman in an elevator. The



Abu Mazur in Toronto in 1993. Khalil (right) only was a "devil" accused into the country?

following May, Abu Mazur—who sometimes went by the alias Gazi Agamassan—pleaded guilty to a lesser charge of assault, receiving a year's probation.

Abu Mazur never served a day in a Canadian jail. And although immigration law allows for the deportation of a refugee who can be proven a danger to society, he remained in Canada. By early 1994, he was in the Vancouver area. Over the next year, he reportedly tried to enter Washington state illegally and was turned back at the border. But last January, when he was arrested in Bellingham, Wash., Canadian immigration officials refused to let him re-enter the country. Then, Abu Mazur applied for political asylum in the United States—claiming he would be persecuted in his homeland because authorities there mistakenly believed he was a member of Hamas, the extremist Islamic group that sponsors the Israeli-Palestinian peace process.

But in June, Abu Mazur—free on \$5,000 bail—dropped his asylum application and, although he was under orders to leave the United States by Aug. 23, headed for New York. It

was there, police say, that he met 22-year-old Khalil, from the remote West Bank village of Ajlul. Last November, Khalil entered the United States on a tourist visa to Mexico, but stayed in Los Angeles on a stopover. Then, he made his way to New York. "Ever since he was a little boy," says Khalil's uncle Saed Mahmoud Saleh, a greeter in Ajlul, "all he talked about was to go to America."

But whatever dreams of American prosperity Abu Mazur and Khalil may have harbored, they effectively came to an end on July 31. Acting on an anonymous tip, New York police raided the pair's Brooklyn hotel, shooting Abu Mazur and Khalil and arresting a third, unidentified man. Police seized live cruise but potentially deadly pipe bombs and sources say that more explosive-making material was in the apartment.

Early on, police suspected that the suspects had links to Hamas—and were plotting an attack similar to the suicide bombing that killed 25 people in Jerusalem on July 30. Hamas has not officially claimed or disavowed responsibility for that blast, which Israeli officials are still investigating. According to some reports, gunfire in New York led to a note among the explosives in Abu Mazur and Khalil's apartment, which expressed support for those behind the 1993 World Trade Center bombing, and for Hamas. But friends and family in the West Bank scoff at the notion that either Khalil or Abu Mazur had any real political or religious affiliations. Amer, who shared a cell with Abu Mazur in 1990 when the latter was briefly jailed by Israeli authorities for stone-throwing, said that if Abu Mazur "did this, he did it for money. He doesn't have a religious base in his body."

The pair's possible motives are among the many mysteries that officials in the United States and in Canada—including the RCMP and the Canadian Security Intelligence Service—are attempting to solve. For some critics, however, their claims amount to too little, too late. Before party assassination chief John Reynolds let one, wondered why Abu Mazur was allowed into Canada and why he was not deported after being convicted of a crime. "Canada," Reynolds said, "is being made a land magnet around the world." Possibly. But beyond national pride, the case raises even deeper questions about how easy potential terrorists are to lure—and how easy innocent lives are to lose.

JOE CHIRLEY with STEPHANIE NOLEN
in Amman

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World NOTES

PRESSURE IN BOSNIA

Richard Holbrooke, the U.S. envoy who 18 months ago brokered the Dayton peace accord to end fighting in Bosnia, returned to the troubled region to try to save the treaty. He showed support for moderate Serbian leader Biljana Plavsic, who is continually undermined by Serbian hardliner Radovan Karadzic. Holbrooke also pushed Yugoslav President Slobodan Milosevic to hand Karadzic and other suspected war criminals to a UN tribunal in The Hague.

BOMBS TARGET CUBA

Yet another bomb went off at Havana's Melia Cofelia hotel, just hours after another explosion ripped through a Cuban tourist office in the Bahamas City of Nassau. A bomb exploded in this same Cuban hotel in April and there were blasts at two other Havana hotels in July. Cuban officials blamed anti-Castro groups in the United States but some experts said it may be the work of dissidents on the Communist island.

THAI MONEY CRISIS

Amid an economic crisis, Thailand suspended operations of more than half the country's financial companies, throwing the Mo savings of many Thais into doubt. The International Monetary Fund is preparing an emergency bailout for Thailand as the scale of the 1995 Mexico loan package. A month ago, Bangkok was forced to devalue its currency by 26 per cent.

KENYA VIOLENCE

Three people, including two policemen, were killed at an anti-government rally in Nairobi after gangs of youths went looking for police spies. Activists were pressing demands that President Daniel arap Moi, 73, make constitutional reforms before holding elections in December.

THE CIA'S UFO STORY

A declassified CIA journal confirmed that the intelligence agency and the U.S. Air Force led about the source of UFO sightings in the 1950s and '60s. Authorities attributed the sightings to weather and tricks of nature when at least half were secret spy plane—trained flights of the U-2 and the SR-71 Blackbird, the most advanced espionage aircraft of the day. Officials wanted to protect security and to "keep public fears" about extraterrestrials.



The remains of Korean Air Flight 801, Minako (below)—watching her mother die in front of her

Surviving a devastating crash

The passenger Shin Hyun, the thundering noise and smoke came out of nowhere, moments before Korean Air Flight 801 was about to touch down at Guam's International Airport. Instead, the Boeing 747, carrying 254 people from Seoul, had plowed into a hillside. Miraculously, Shin was alive. "It all seemed like a dream," he said. "Then I remember hearing people screaming for help. When I got out of the wreck and looked up, the plane had completely disappeared." The crash killed 223 people: nearly everyone is heading for the tropical Pacific island, but some of the 26 survivors walked away. Twenty-year-old Shika Matsuda was among those who escaped serious injury but her emotional trauma was intense. "She kept telling the interpreter that she saw her mother die right in front of her, burned," said emergency room physician Dr. Eduardo Cruz.



In Seoul, friends and relatives of the passengers grew angry as they waited word-by-word the fate of their loved ones. "I felt like I was dying in each second of waiting amid conflicting news reports that my son died or survived," said the mother of Lee Yunghe, who was airlifted to a Seoul hospital for treatment.

Rescue workers, including 300 soldiers from military bases on the U.S. administered island, 2,700 tons south of Japan, spent a day scouring the jungle hillside, where the jet lay in smoldering pieces. U.S. investigators said initial checks showed that pilot error may have caused the crash. A day later, they had another probe on their hands at Miami International Airport, a DC-8 cargo plane crashed just after takeoff, killing the four crew members on board and at least one person on the ground. There were growing fears that another person reported missing in the area may also have been killed.

A new crew for Mir

A Russian-made cosmo suit to repair the damaged Mir space station docked successfully—but not before yet another "technical malfunction." The two cosmonauts, who blasted off two days earlier, were forced to take the controls and bring their Soyuz capsule into orbit manually. The spacehead took three minutes and was not "smooth," said flight director Vladimir Sholomov. But it added one more step to the list of problems faced by the beleaguered Mir, which lost half its power after a supply craft crashed into one of its solar modules in late June.

On Aug. 14, the two Russians who have spent six months on Mir will return to Earth. In early September, the new arrivals are to take a space walk to examine the paneled module. American astronaut Michael Smith will join with Mir-Skandarov's replacement in late September.

Biting the Apple

BY ANDREW PHILLIPS

They just have no taste. They don't think of original ideas.
—Steven Jobs of Apple Computer Inc.
on Bill Gates's Microsoft Corp.
Steve always yells at me
—Bill Gates on Steven Jobs

Rossians and Americans. Israelis and Palestinians. Hatfields and McCoys. Until last week, Microsoft and Apple were locked in the computer world's most publicized example of a long, bitter and seemingly pointless feud. But all bad things, it seems, must come to an end—and so it was for Steven Jobs and Bill Gates as they ended two decades of sniping at each other and agreed instead for a welcomed embrace. And as with other famous standoffs, this one ended with the protagonists comically surprised that it had gone so far. "The era of us thinking that we compete with Microsoft is over," Jobs told a gathering of Apple loyalists in Boston as a grinning Gates loomed over him, projected by satellite onto a giant screen. "We have to let go of the notion that for Apple to win, Microsoft has to lose."

In the short run, at least, the deal the two men worked out pulled Apple back from the brink of potential disaster. Devoters of its Macintosh computers are legendary for their fierce attachment to its innovative and elegant technology—but they are a dwindling band. The company's share of the U.S. market for desktop computers is barely one percent, down from double-digits a year ago. On the cash-flow side, it's slightly higher, about six per cent. Consumers had simply lost confidence that the company would survive. At the same time, Apple's management ranks were in chaos, with a chief executive-level departure since last fall. The company posted consecutive losses of \$2.3 billion in the just past two quarters, and many analysts were close to giving up on it.

Instead, Apple won Microsoft's endorsement and support, as well as an investment of \$200 million in Apple. This will give Microsoft a five-per-cent stake in the company. At the same time, Apple agreed to drop its legal claims against Microsoft, which it had accused of appropriating its pioneering point-and-click operating system, for another undisclosed payment (some reports put it at an additional \$100 million). Initial market reaction was strongly positive: Apple's stock shot up 44 per cent in two days, closing the week at \$264.45, where that made Apple look good for the first time in years—and instantly Microsoft a quick rival. "For Microsoft, it has been a very shrewd investment," noted David Roderman, an analyst with Montgomery Securities in San Francisco. "They have recovered a third of their cost in two days."

Indeed, Microsoft and Gates himself are the big winners. He is, of course, the world's richest man (estimated wealth \$4.1 billion) and the company he founded in 1975 in Redmond, Wash., has cash reserves of some \$12.3 billion. The



Gates on-screen overlooking Jobs: out of an era

In a stunning move, Microsoft's Bill Gates bails out former rival Steve Jobs

money he invested in Apple could be five more than a rounding error in Microsoft's finances, but the company accomplished several key goals. Above all, making sure that its software dominates the fast-growing market for browsing the World Wide Web. As part of the deal, Apple agreed to install Microsoft's Internet Explorer browser on Macintosh personal computers. That gives Gates's company an advantage over its rival, Netscape Communications Corp. of Mountain View, Calif., which produces the popular Navigator browser.

The Apple deal gives Microsoft an edge over an even more important rival, Sun Microsystems Inc., also of Mountain View. Sun invented Java, the computer programming language that threatens Microsoft's near-complete control over standards in personal computer software. In fact, some analysts suggest that while Microsoft and Apple have been squabbling over desktop operating systems, Java has the potential of putting them both on the sidelines by making more and more applications operate through the World Wide Web. Last week's deal attacks that concern head on, Microsoft and Apple will arrive back at Sun by collaborating in developing their own version of Java. And finally, by helping to keep a weakened Apple

afloat, Microsoft will be less vulnerable to charges that it monopolizes the software market—and will be better able to defend itself against any not-so-quiet challenges in the United States.

Still, the meeting between Apple and Microsoft had gone on so long that Jobs's uneasiness about a Microsoft trade show in Boston initially drew brow and frowns. An appearance there by Gates, joked one analyst, was like putting Darth Vader up at a Star Wars convention. "Apple hospitals, though," were quick to recognize that Microsoft's support might go a long way to ensure their brand's survival. At an Apple outlet in Toronto called Elm Street Applied, co-owner Art Lypynenko displays a sign that reads "Proudly Macintosh." For him, the deal really was outdated. "The real die-hard Apple users believed Microsoft was the enemy. Everyone loves a battle, and there was a lot of resistance against that Microsoft was the enemy. But that's all over," Steve Grisham, vice-president of software services at IDC Canada in Toronto, agreed. "Years ago, you didn't expect these companies to be working together," he said. "But it makes more sense to partner with your rivals than bewailing yourself to death trying to compete with them."

Despite their recent and well-publicized spat, Gates and Jobs have a history of co-opting as well as competing. Born within four months of each other in 1955, both are brilliant geniuses of the computer world who dropped out of college to found their companies in the mid-'70s. Gates took Microsoft from strength to strength, aggressively marketing successive versions of the Windows operating system to achieve overwhelming dominance in

the software market. Microsoft was also an early producer of software for Macintosh computers—a market that is still worth some \$550 million a year to Gates's company.

By comparison, Jobs is more creative, more mercurial—and less successful as a business strategist. In the early 1980s, he pioneered the now-familiar system whereby desktop operators click on icons to operate their computers. But over the next few years, Apple saw Microsoft race away with its market. In 1985, Jobs himself was ousted from Apple in a messy corporate struggle. He went on to found NeXT Computer Inc., which was prime for its technological innovations but was never profitable. And he bought Pixar Inc., the computer animation company behind the movie *The Story of the World*. He is chief executive of that firm, and his stake in it is now worth some \$685 million.

But in the end, Jobs came back to Apple—the company he calls "my first love." Last December, he said NeXT is Apple for \$200 million in a deal that renewed his association with the company. At the time, Apple was sliding down a steep slope: losing market share, bleeding money, and without clear direction. In mid-March, then-CEO Gilbert Amelio eliminated 4,300 jobs, almost a third of Apple's workforce, as a bid to cut costs and stay the raft. But Steve Jobs's Apple banishment was a repudiation of his role.

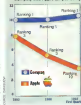
It appeared that Apple had lost rock bottom, but Apple's departure cleared the way for Jobs to effectively revive the crisis again. His only official position was as a special adviser to the company, but he began intensive talks with Gates and Microsoft's chief financial officer, Greg Maffei. Over the following month, they worked out last week's deal. At the same time, Jobs had secured a overhaul Apple's board, which had presided over the company's decline. In Boston last week, he announced that four of its members were out. Their places were taken by a group of industry heavyweights—including Lawrence Ellison, chairman of Oracle Corp., the database giant, and William Campbell, chief executive of Intel Inc., the leading producer of personal computer software. Jobs also joined the board, taking over as senior chairman with a replacement as board.

These moves encouraged both industry analysts and Mac enthusiasts that Apple's future is still not assured. The Microsoft deal, says IDC Canada's Grisham, "is a step. It'll buy them some more time to make some changes." At the core of Apple there are still fundamental problems. Its market share continues to shrink, it is no longer at the cutting edge of new technology, and it has almost huge losses at bottom. Not even a coup like last week's peace treaty with Microsoft could make those long-term worries go away.

PHOTO: JONAS SCHWENFELD AND SEAN MCCULLOUGH in Toronto and WILLIAM LOBSTER in Washington

FALLING DOWN

Marketshare computer sales of
Compaq and Apple (in per cent)





From left, Federico, de Garmas and Pagan, posing: first-hand experience

BUSINESS

Body of evidence

Controversy over a corpse fuels the Bre-X scandal

A study of photographs. Cadaver number N-57581. Be a pathologist. Start at the top. An incision, 32 cm, across the coronal plane, cut in a car. The scalp nearby bare, the hair sloughed away by water and heat, a few stray strands here and there. Missing: the head. Left ear, almost entirely eaten. Face, left side, incision. Left eyelid, partially open, a narrow white eyelid in there. A dark indentation where the nose used to be. No nostrils. Scars, starting below the pharynx, running down the chest, then the neck. Long scar on the length of the excised torso. Missing: all internal organs. A row of five small black marks dripping down the chest from the base of the neck, where the veins have pulled away. Right hand, five fingers, ink on all the tips. A row of rough scratches, upper inside thigh, the skin pulled across and bruised. Missing: genitalia. The skin, smooth, pale, easy. Right leg, broken above the ankle. Feet, slapped. Autopsied at La Puente de Paz, Quezon City, Philippines, April 3, 1997, 12:45 a.m. to 1:30 a.m. Cause of death: multiple traumatic injuries. Presumed identity: Michael Antonio de Garmas, exploration manager, Bre-X Minerals Ltd.

It is unsurprisingly opaque in Manila. The heat, the traffic, the cadavers. The silence at the National Bureau of Investigation brings no relief. The corridors are dingy. How can anyone see in this light-



ON ASSIGNMENT
JENNIFER WELLS
IN THE PHILIPPINES

ing? Perhaps the darkness is a blessing, for along one wall runs a display case showing off pairs of pickled body parts. The head of an old man, lost, it says, "poorly a blow to a heavy, sharp blow, while trying to rescue his niece from her abductor." A corrupt and incestuous backdrop for the de Garmas mystery. It is a mind-bending experience. The closer one gets to the deceased de Garmas, the more one believes that he is very much alive. They say wild bears ate his muscles. The bones were very tidy in their work.

Back to the beginning, Indonesia, November, 1993. Calgary-based Bre-X Minerals shipped the first drill core from its Bontang camp 340 km down the Mahakam River to the coastal town of Samarinda. From there, the samples were trucked 219 km away to Indo Assay Laboratories in Balikpapan. The assaying on the first two holes showed base metal "kicks" lead and zinc, a touch of arsenic here and there. Certainly signs of mineralization. There was the odd gram of gold, too, an occasional kick to two grams. The results were not dissimilar to Marquette Gold's, the Australian company that had years earlier drilled this so-called control zone, having targeted its area 27 km from its allowed mining operations. All but two of the 19 holes drilled by Marquette intersected gold. The best intersection,

I SAW a city
with its head in the future
and its soul in the past.

I SAW ancient operas performed on modern streets.

I SAW a dance drama performed in a park.

I DIDN'T SEE as usual a street.

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WISDOM

John Felderhof, "Dear John," it said. "I spent half day 18/3 at office to catch up with desk notes, then travelled to Balikpapan. I will proceed to Bussang morning of 18/3. I am not feeling well with my flu but will manage. URGENT INFO for your attention is listed below." The goes on to refer to an upcoming meeting with the secretary of state, suggesting that Diane Potter, the land geologist with Freeport/McMoran Copper & Gold Inc.'s Indonesian operations, be made aware of the meeting. Freeport, the U.S. mining company chosen by the Indonesian government as Freeport's Bussang partner, had drawn nothing but blanks in its own drilling on the southeast coast. Dead ends. The land had been misused. The drilling revealed Freeport had flown an entire hole worth of core on one of its 757s, out of Jakarta, straight to hotel office in New Orleans, where it was kept under armed guard. There was alluvial gold in the Freeport samples and nothing in events. That Bussang was a house was clear. While de Guzman was writing his column, Potter was waiting for him in Bussang.

In his memo to Felderhof, de Guzman said he asked Leode to prepare details of the company's financial data, and Greg MacDonald, the company's office manager in Jakarta, to prepare a corporate history. It was all very matter of fact, a regular business update. He later referred to his health, of passing a treadmill test in Singapore and the doctor's advice to consult a specialist regarding his liver. "I intend to be back in Jakarta 23 or 24/3. Will advise you on more details from site. Best regards." The letter was dated at 0:15 p.m.

Later that evening, de Guzman and Vega made their now-infamous trip to the karaoke bar, the one where de Guzman sang *My Way*. According to numerous sources, Vega has since said that de Guzman came barging on his door later that evening. He was soaking wet. Was he trying to drown himself? Was he trying to make it look as though he was depressed and trying to drown himself? The office in Samarinda was asked to buy new clothes for the boss man.

De Guzman had coffee with an Indonesian Air Transport manager the next morning, then helicopter with Vega to Samarinda, where Vega remained. At approximately 3030 a.m., de Guzman was reported to have jumped from the helicopter travelling at 175 km/h and at 120 m. Included in de Guzman's papers retrieved after his disappearance were two handwritten notes to Felderhof. "Dear John, I need money to finish the school. Please spare me." And, "Dear John, I need money to finish these two last part of boarding house expenses in school. Please spare me." De Guzman was building an educational and housing monument to himself in Manila, St. Michael's Academy. There was a letter written to his wife in Manila,



Potter with couple bags; he checked with de Guzman

Terrace, in which he instructed that his estate be divided into seven parts, 40 per cent to Vega, as he called her, and 10 per cent to each of the six children they had had together. According to a translation of the Indonesian police report, the remains of de

Guzman, found four days later in the Samarinda jungle, were flown to hospital in Samarinda on March 20, 1997. The following morning at 11 a.m., an autopsy was performed. "The contents of the chest, abdomen and hip were missing," says the report. "There were several broken bones in irregular pattern, especially the hip bones and the bones of the lower limbs. The cause of the man's death is not known as his body was already in an advanced stage of decomposition."

Now it is muggy in Samarinda, and the mud does play tricks. The number of people there who believe de Guzman is alive are legion. And in Jakarta. And back home in Canada. All of which drives Peter Van Veen, general manager of Indonesian Air Transport, around the bend.

Ed Turso, the pilot who flew the chopper that day, has done for the company for four years, he says for the umpteenth time. Sixty-five per cent of the world's helicopter pilots are Canadian, he says, having grown weary of the suspicion that a speaking new military

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BUSINESS

any attempt to spirit de Guzman to a drug spot somewhere in Kalimantan. Tursoa drove his co-ordinates, he reminds. The closest landing spot was 25 km through jungle and swamp. "This someone about it was not him," he says of de Guzman. "We believe him very well. The night before, he got himself half-plastered and tried to do himself in. I wish he had done it in the hotel."

Early in the morning of April 3, Dr. Ed Kalalo resumed the mauls and the mauls from the fractured jaw of cadaver N497 501. The cadaver had just two upper molars in place, and, according to Kalalo, were a bridge for the rest. There would have been a lower bridge, too. Neither was retrieved with the body. Kalalo did not have much to work with. When he met with Meleone on late June, his file was still very much open. Dental records processed by the de Guzman family had not made their way to his desk at the National Bureau of Investigation. De Guzman did wear a bridge. In fact, he buried one down the toilet during a particularly spiteful, hard-drinking night on the town during his days working for Bengart. At de Guzman's work in Manila, Tessa asked a Bengart executive if those records were still available. But they had been destroyed long ago.

After being given the name of a dentist who examined de Guzman's teeth in 1990, Kalalo started doing some investigative legwork on his own. He recently viewed a Xerox copy of those records, and on the basis of those he says "there is the possibility" that the body is that of de Guzman. He hopes to meet one on one with the Guzman City dentist this week. But as Kalalo made progress on his own, de Guzman's family started making questions again. At the time of the Manila autopsy, Bayata Palad, the investigation bureau's fingerprint chief, matched a partial thumb print to an Indonesian identification card of de Guzman's, as had the Indonesians themselves. Palad's conclusion was that the body was, indeed, de Guzman's. But the print from the cadaver was missing the top layer of skin worn away, helping to fuel the very active Elm-like theories. Now, the family say there seems to be a discrepancy between that thumb print and the one they recently pushed on a 1993 worker ID card provided by Bengart. "What can I do?" Palad told Meleone last week. "I don't believe my findings."

The penis are "very, very dissimilar," says Wilbur Chua, the Manila lawyer who repre-



Feldesthof (left) and Pempas (far right) in same helicopter from which de Guzman allegedly jumped. "Dear John, I need money to finish the school"

Fingerprint discrepancies have led to DNA test demands

sents the family. The assessment is that of Guy men. By week's end, Palad was awaiting a reprint of the Bengart ID card so he could make his own comparisons. Last week, a frustrated cry went out on one of the most

popular fire-X Internet chat lines. "Join me in a chorus of 'We need DNA testing! We need DNA testing!' and someone collar-burst the Dude..."

Last month, Chua said the family wanted desperately to put an end to the speculation. "We're going to push for a DNA test," he said. "It's just a question of who's going to do it." De Guzman's brother Laurence subsequently retrieved tissue samples that forensic pathologist Noel May remained when he left the autopsy in April. May had kept a four-centimetre piece of skin tissue from the chest and "fingerings" taken from incisions on the body. If the thumb prints do not match, Teresa or Guzman herself is considering taking the samples to Los Angeles, where de Guzman's sister Diana has been coordinating the DNA strategy. Even if Palad's assessment reconciles his earlier findings, and such tests are concluded, this chapter of the de Guzman story will not close, the theorists will not rest. □



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BUSINESS

British Columbia's smelter of success

Striking a \$1.2-billion deal with Alcan

Shelia Reeves has seen the traffic in Kitimat, B.C., go just one way in the past 10 years: out. But last week, a school of uncertainty leapt over the nearby western B.C. coast when an agreement between the province and Alcan Aluminium Ltd. renewed hope for expansion of the nearby Kemano Completion smelter project. "Now that the dust's been on, people won't be leaving Kitimat any more—they may actually move here," says Reeves, 55, whose local private and office supply shop has suffered ever since 1981 when Alcan suspended work on Kemano. In the wake of the stoppage, the result of a dispute over environmental approvals, the entire local economy stagnated and the population declined to 11,000 from 16,000 as people left to find work.

In 1986, then NDP B.C. Premier Mike Harcourt killed the project because of concerns about its impact on local salmon stocks. But now, Montreal-based Alcan has reached an agreement with Glen Clark's new NDP government to make "reasonable efforts" to undertake a \$1.2-billion expansion of the existing smelter plant. The agreement with the world's second-largest aluminium producer has boosted the standing of Clark in the investment community and also ended Alcan's legal fight with the province to be reimbursed for the \$935 million it sunk into Kemano. "Beyond the benefits to the provincial economy, Glen Clark receives a psychological empowerment for companies to invest in British Columbia," says business lobbyist Jack Rindros.

It may be too early to break out the champagne, however. "We don't want people to start planning shopping malls or building apartments," says Ray Cantella, director of corporate affairs at Alcan. "That doesn't mean the project's not going to happen, but it's not a done deal." Alcan so far is committed only to a "reasonable effort" to expand the smelter by 2013, which could create up to 2,000 permanent jobs. But it has made a firm promise to bring the smelter from 50 per cent to full capacity by next year.

Instead of cash compensation for the cancelled Kemano Completion project, Alcan received a guaranteed break in power rates. If the expansion goes ahead, the aluminum giant would buy power from the province to run the expanded smelter at a rate tied to the price of the metal on the London Metal Exchange.

Whether or not Alcan proceeds depends on everything from global economic health to the popularity of pop cars. Predicting the future of aluminum prices is as reliable as looking into a crystal ball, says Valad Taheri, a metals analyst with AERN AMRO in Chicago. However, Taheri expects there will be a need for additional aluminum production capacity in the long run and notes that demand to serve Asian markets is growing at nearly 10 per cent a year.

Minutely the province, Alcan and flexible hydro pricing are a perfect fit. The company buys the key components of aluminum—bauxite and alumina—from Australia, and with British Columbia's abundant and ex-



Alcan's Kitimat operations getting a break in power rates

pendent hydroelectric power, producers aluminum and ships it back economically to Asia. Production remains profitable if the cost of the electricity goes down as the price of the metal goes down. And on the human level, if its smelter expands, small businesswoman Reeves says Kitimat itself will expand. "It will be better to have 16,000 consumers again," she says. "rather than 11,000."

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Deirdre McMurdy The Bottom Line Sibling boardroom feuds

It is said that every time history repeats itself, the price goes up. No thing grows that stays more than the second round of family businesses. In liberal times, brothers betrayed one another for a few quids on a money crop. But these days, million-lane dollar enterprises—and hundreds of jobs—are often jeopardized by sibling squabbles and family feuds.

The lot of Canadian founders is supreme. Stewbuck, McCann, Woodworth and others—to name a few. Last month, a decade after their power struggle began, Calgary's Martha Edlin finally managed to oust her Toronto brothers and gain control of Canada Tire, the company co-founded by their father 25 years ago. Also in July, after three years of bickering, the battle in the lumber industry was over, the Mitchell family of St. Lawrence finally settled. They agreed to divide the assets of Intercontinental Packers, one of Canada's largest pork processors, before the company suffered any further damage.

Ultimately, families with public shareholders are subject to the discipline of the stock market. But weakness can be greatly exacerbated when a venture is privately held. The Edlin brothers, for example, allowed their grip on the national retailer to slide until financial problems forced them to recruit a hard gun, George Kosch, to save the day.

Serge Bata, a director of Bata Shoes and the wife of honorary chairman Tom Bata, the son of company founder Thomas Bata, claims that one of the hardest things for family-controlled companies to judge is when to ask for assistance from the outside. Until three years ago, the Bataires in a company that has been in their family for 90 years. Then, they hired their first outside CEO, Stanley Reed, a veteran manager who previously headed the Latin American food operations of RJR Nabors. Within a year, Bata's was gone. "We didn't quit it into our culture," Bata explains.

When analyzing what develops so many family firms, a few common denominators float to the surface. First it is usually the sec-

ond and third generation that gets embroiled in open combat, since the strong vision of the founder is diminished. Second, the companies have matured and their growth has slowed, giving the principal players more scope—and more time—for disagreement.

On both of these counts, the four Serrano brothers, whose family came here from Morocco, are confident that they can beat the odds with their Virgin Frito World Wide Working closely together over the past 11 years, they have translated a steady frozen yogurt stand in a suburban Toronto mall into a hot public company with more than 3,300 outlets in 80 countries. In part because of its aggressive program of acquisitions and its expanding assets increasingly proprietary, the company's 1995 revenue of \$20 million rose up 227 per cent from a year earlier and profits have more than doubled to over \$5.2 million for the last period.

Although they have no legal agreements in their partnership, the Serranos own 30 per cent of Virgin Frito, effectively controlling the company. Says Michael Serrano, the 32-year-old CEO and eldest brother, "We have very different strengths and weaknesses. And we have very carefully learned that into the division of labor."

The brothers agree that if they are unable to agree unanimously on a deal, they will pass on it. And Serrano admits that they do argue—very heatedly—about business. "Sometimes, things are said that can only be said between brothers," he notes. "As outsiders would pick up and leave, but we know we have to make it, make it work—because we're family."

I may have inadvertently left the impression in my Aug. 4 column ("Storms to the right") that ACP Management Ltd. (now of Canada) of 100 employees had been in a financial crisis since last year. In fact, ACP Management was—and is—Maclean's company—does it have nothing of its alleged activities until they were brought to attention and made public in Canada's stock market since weeks after our magazine

Business NOTES

REVENGE OF THE VULTURES

Three U.S. venture funds said they will force T. Eaton Co. Ltd. into bankruptcy if the insolvent retailer fails to repay its debts in full. Under federal law, larger creditors could block Eaton's bid to be taken into restructuring plan and force its sale or liquidation.

CANWEST LOSES CONTROL

The Australian Broadcasting Authority ordered CanWest Global Communications Corp. of Winnipeg to reduce its stake in the Ten Group U.S. television station. The move follows a court ruling that Global effectively controls 26 per cent of Ten Group, contrary to the firm's list of 16 per cent.

NORTEL VICTORY

Northern Telecom Ltd. of Brampton, Ont., won a \$220-million contract to help establish a mobile telephone network in Germany, the first major deal in Europe for a North American telecommunications company.

GAS ACROSS THE ANDES

A group of companies led by Nova Corp. of Calgary opened a \$400-million pipeline linking Argentina and Chile across the Andes Mountains. The 460-km line, which took two years to complete, relied on Canadian expertise building pipelines through the Rockies. It was Nova's first project in South America.

GANDALF FINDS A SAVIOR

Mail Corp. of Kanata, Ont., agreed to pay \$20.71 million for the technology assets of shipping, Gandalf Technologies Inc. of Helena, Ont. Mail will acquire Gandalf's products and technology used to set up telecommunications networks within companies. Gandalf, which makes its services and maintenance business, is under bankruptcy protection until Oct. 31 while it restructures operations.

AN UNDELIVERED DEAL

U.S. President Bill Clinton urged United Parcel Service and its 135,000 striking workers to settle the latest U.S. strike so far this decade. But at week's end, negotiators for UPS and the Teamsters broke off talks. The strike, over the union's demand for new future pension plans, has halted the delivery of 12 million packages a day in the United States. UPS employees in Canada are not on strike.

Merging for future growth

Newcourt Credit Group Inc. became North America's 87th largest non-bank lender with the \$361-million takeover of Burlington, Ont.-based Cancon Financial Services Inc., another chapter in an ongoing reshaping of the financial services sector. Company CEO Steven Boudin said the Toronto-based investment firm is intent on creating other larger U.S. deals such as industry leader GE Capital Corp. "The message I have for the top four is, 'Watch out,'" he said. Together, Newcourt and Cancon generated about \$6.8 billion in new business last year, compared with \$25.3 billion for GE Capital. The wealth-management business has been booming in recent years as companies convert billions of dollars in new equipment designed to boost productivity. Newcourt intends its own loans or acts as a go-between, typically securing money from major insurance companies to finance major purchases or leases.



Melvin DeLo, Gregory Financial president Ted Hawke. "Watch out!"

In another financial merger, Ottawa approved the \$1.25-billion takeover of National Trustco Inc. by Bank of Nova Scotia. Scotia bank said it will cut up to 700 jobs at National Trust's 175 branches, most of which are in Ontario, by the year 2000.

A seven-year low

The number of unemployed Canadians reached its lowest level in seven years, dropping to nine per cent in July from 9.1 per cent in June. But the addition of just 15,000 jobs during the month disappointed some economists. The biggest letdown was the loss of 23,000 jobs in the private sector, a sharp decline compared with the 94,000 full-time jobs created in June. Youth unemployment also re-

mained stubbornly high at 16.6 per cent, down from 17.5 per cent in June. Overall, about 1.4 million Canadians are still out of work. Economist Sherry Cramer of Newbitt Burras in Toronto called the slowdown in job creation a blip in an otherwise positive picture. With the economy showing signs of recovery, "I expect to see a significant bounce-back in August," she predicted. Unemployment has declined steadily since February's 9.7 per cent rate, with the creation of 232,000 new jobs.

FINANCIAL OUTLOOK

A bullish post the August economic picture shows the province is stronger ahead, even though the income fell below 72 cents (U.S.).

The powerful opening in the Canadian economy is

clearly promising firms to add to their payrolls. The year-over-year trend in help-wanted ads has not been this robust since November, 1987. At first time, employment should drop 2.6 per cent over the coming year.

—Barbara Barr

AUTO SALES

93,531	118,544
AUG 1995	MAY 1997

SOURCE: AUTOMOBILE DEALERS ASSOCIATION

"The consumer weather forecast suggests that households are far from a spent force. Real consumer spending is likely to grow around three per cent this year, the best performance since the end of the 1980s."

—Scotiabank

How to catch a bull

Stocks are sky-high, but money can still be made

The punch bowl looks empty and the newcomers have fallen asleep. A lot of investors are taking comfort left out, stocks have enjoyed their longest bull run in this century, and many feel they have missed the party. And what a party. Before fears about future inflation sparked a weak stock rally off the benchmark Toronto Stock Exchange 300 index had jumped 16 per cent since the beginning of the year, and more than doubled in the last five years. The New York market is even hotter, soaring almost 25 per cent since June 1991. While chasing the bull was easy once it was a fast cruise, the experts say there is still good money to be made for prudent players. "The tide is strong," says Donnelly Reid, the senior vice-president of Midland Wilsey Capital Inc. in Toronto. "We're in the midst of a long-term bull market, and it's far from spent."

Underpinning it all is a strong economy that is bound to get stronger. Reduced government deficits will no doubt aid rising profits have continued to create an ideal climate for stocks. On top of that, business are searching for somewhere to stuff their money for retirement. With interest rates on guaranteed investment certificates so low, "there's an incentive to invest in stocks," says "What else is there but stocks?" says Saskatoon stockbroker Gord Long.

The average investor's first impulse would be to rush headlong into mutual funds. But, says Reid, direct investing in the stock market has advantages. And there's nothing to do about work. For one thing, the market is a whole entity: super-fund money mutual funds. And investors who buy and hold their shares—thereby trading less frequently—can avoid the heavy management fees that come with mutual funds.

A price spiral not seen since the giddy 1920s has left market buyers gobsmacked that stocks are overvalued, and that for a drop. Late last week, inflation jitters prompted

the Dow Jones industrial average to fall 229 points from its recent record high of 8,250. But few are prepared to predict exactly when a major decline could come. Ironically, some experts say the bullish sentiment is a sign that the bull market still has legs. "There's no end saying that the stock mar-

ally speaking, larger companies, which have led the bull run, remain a good bet for investors. Midland Wilsey's Donnelly Reid says financial services, especially the major banks. With consumer spending on the rise, he at so recommendations and real estate stocks. Manufacturers also stand to benefit from the stronger economy. Reid says that high-tech shares and resource stocks should probably be left to the experts because of their greater volatility.

Trying to pick a winning sector can be risky business for the unschooled investor. "Thinking you can time the market, by and large, that's crazy," says John Bart, president of the Toronto-based Canadian Shareowners Association, a nonprofit organization for private investors. Instead, Reid advises starting with three or four "quality growth stocks"—companies that offer consistent increases in revenues and earnings of 15 to 20 per cent a year. Shares like those will double the investor's money every five years. The New York Stock Exchange offers the widest selection of growth stocks, says Reid, simply because of its size.

Actually finding growth stocks takes a little homework. Start by charting a company's earnings and revenue growth over the last five to 10 years, experts suggest. Look for steady, straight lines. "If they're upward sloped, like a ladder arm," says Bart, "you're probably onto a great stock."

Veteran stock players say patience is a virtue. Avoid panicking every dollar into the market at once. But newcomers taking a quarter or a third of any of their total investment put and dividing it evenly among three or four quality stocks. Monitor them for three to six months. If the companies earnings are rising at an annual rate of 15 to 20 per cent, moved another quarter.

Taking a long-term approach is the only way to play when a bull market is so far advanced, says Moshe Milevsky, a professor of finance at York University in Toronto. According to Milevsky's calculations, investors who stay in the market for only one year lose a 35-per cent rate that their returns will fall below the prevailing rate for another five years. The danger drops to nine per cent after 10 years and one per cent after 20 years. Through all the ups and downs, long-term investors will still be celebrating long after the party is over for less patient players.

JOHN SCHROEDER



Toronto Stock Exchange: Larger companies are best for beginners

ket clings a wall of worry," says Bruce Coon, the Toronto-based author of *The Money Advisor*.

Despite the run-up in stock prices, rapidly growing companies still offer good value if their earnings potential is considered, says David Bessley, president of Acadia Securities Ltd. in Halifax. The best bets are easier to spot in some sectors than others. Gener-



Peter C. Newman

How Indian self-rule can bring prosperity

The recent election of Phil Fontaine, an articulate Ojibwa who is now a power broker for his people outside of himself, as head of the Assembly of First Nations (AFN) pushes the resolution of longstanding demands back on the national agenda. At the same time, Indian Affairs Minister Jean Steno's conciliatory attitude towards such issues as self-government promises early action.

Fontaine and Steno will both benefit from a quick visit to Sechelt, a shanty town of 22,000 people in British Columbia's Sunshine Coast, occupied mainly by refugees from the hands of nearby Vancouver. Here, the Sechelt Indian band has been happily practicing self-government for more than a decade, and it's working surprisingly well for both their selves and the local non-natives.

Until now, the Indians' aspiration to self-government has been a rubber kept deliriously out of the road. The only exception is the 480-member Sechelt band that negotiated self-government with Ottawa in 1986. The agreement grants the band jurisdiction over their land and people, and powers such as property taxation equal to that of Canadian municipalities. Other Indian bands have rejected this formula as an Uncle Tom's concession.

That's not because there's much wrong with the arrangement, but because Indians have expected eventually to obtain higher status for their reserves. While they dream of becoming provinces or reaching some ill-defined independent status, the Sechelt chiefs go about their business, creating jobs and a better life for their people. Above all, they have reached that state of grace where they are no longer beholden to Ottawa's Indian Affairs department over time they want to sue. "We decide everything by referendum among our people," Sechelt Chief Gerry Friesch told me at his reserve last week. "Before we gained our independence, those of our band members who could find jobs worked in the community. Now, so are the community and are creating jobs for our people. Besides, we want to remove 'Her Majesty' from the title to our land, and we have."

Working with an annual budget of nearly \$5 million, Chief Friesch and his elected council are involved in a salmon hatchery, a sawmill, a large gravel operation, and are negotiating a partnership in the development of a local shopping mall, all on their land. The revenues come from property taxes, investment income and transfer payments from Ottawa for education, policing and other matters. The band operates out of a \$5-million office complex that also includes a theatre and museum, and has become the town's social and cultural centre.

The major project to which the Sechelt Indians are committed is a \$30-million joint venture with local developer Art McGowan to

build 103 townhouses, 50 condos plus two high-rises (that's six stories in three parts) and a 65-bed hotel at Port Stables, on land owned by the band under the provincial land registry adjoining the most picturesque section of Georgia Strait. The site, next to a bird sanctuary, is prime, and the architecture is laid-back, northern California style. Half of the project's first phase is sold out. "What's been happening is of benefit to the whole community," says Jim McNeil, a local leader. "The whole mood of the place has changed since the band went out on their own. Let them enjoy a meaningful future, and leave where they were going. Most of the former real estate agents around here have exasperated."

Says Friesch, "We've succeeded, because we're building stability on what our past leaders did. The future around our council table change, but the values remain the same. We're the most successful band in Canada because we know where we're born, and know where we're going. Ideas don't work unless you do."

A decade ago, when the Sechelt Chief Stan Dixon led his people to independence, Canada's Indian community was so strongly opposed to the Sechelt approach that he couldn't get the initiative on the AFN agenda until the last afternoon of the last day of the 1985 annual meeting, when most of the chiefs had left. He went ahead anyway, strongly supported by his band members and many more other Canadian bands—as well as non-Indians from as far away as New Zealand—are quick by making pilgrimages to the Sunshine Coast to study how the Sechelt band of independent works.

What Dixon realized is that while independence means leaving everything your own way, most of the reserved community demands do get handled independently. Besides, there is no way Canada's more than 500,000 status Indians, divided among 693 bands and spread among 2,576 reserves, can realistically gain high or average of freedom. If each band declared itself an independent state or even a province, a map of this country would look like a giant archipelago of Swiss cheese.

Many mainstream Canadians continue to feel that to make Indians with their own land and self-government of any kind would be an overreaction to wrongs of another age. Such blinkered thinking ignores the fact that Canada's non-Indian population grabbed what was originally Indian land and the resources it contained with only the barest legal justification—and has been enjoying the benefits ever since. That was long ago, but according to the Indian calendar, yesterday's wrongs are only aggravated—not relieved—by the passage of time.

The wisdom of giving them just a touch of sovereignty at Sechelt, expanding their self-reliance and creating real jobs by doing their own thing, is the model to follow.

Elvis the immortal

He reigns supreme 20 years after his death

The sky has long darkened over the northern Mississippi town of Holly Springs, but there is no rest for the self-proclaimed "World's No. 1 Elvis Fan." Paul MacLeod and his son, Elvis Aaron Presley MacLeod, are still hard at work inside Graceland, the house where his father's remains have been turned into a shrine to all things Elvis. Every inch of the walls and ceilings is covered with records, photos, posters, mementoes—decades of items chronicling the life and times of The King. Two TV sets are on, with live VCRs at the ready to record any news or entertainment shows mentioning Elvis. And all night long, a steady stream of fans, followers and the simple curious passes through the house in Holly Springs. Some come to admire, some no doubt to gawk. But all in their way pay tribute to the enduring power of Elvis Costello.



ON ASSIGNMENT
ANDREW PHILLIPS
IN MEMPHIS

The house, a mix of celebrity worship and just plain war, says that shows no signs of fading 20 years after the man who inspired it was found dead on his toilet at his home in Memphis, Tenn., the Great Graceland. This week, in the days leading up to the anniversary of Elvis's death at the age of 42 on Aug. 25, 1977, some 75,000 people are expected to converge on Memphis. They are coming for Elvis Week, aka Death Week and Weep Week—a carnival of concerts, meetings and dances that culminates in an all-night procession through the grounds of Graceland. At noon on Friday, Aug. 15, the funeral rites on Elvis Presley Boulevard, with their musical scores fashioned of wailing cries, will swing open. In what has become an annual ritual, thousands of fans bearing lighted candles will move reverently up the gaping driveway and around to the Meditation Garden, where the bodies of Elvis, his mother, father and grandmother lie under bronze markers. Paul MacLeod, 54, and son Elvis, 24, will join the throng and pause in the garden for a moment of silent contemplation. "We don't miss it," says Paul. "None of us. I'd be down my own hole in being that man back 17 years ago."

But Elvis Culture is no longer the preserve of those whose fascination with the departed star borders on the macabre. It has defied the ridicule of sophisticates, and has grown big enough and lasted long enough to attract the attention of the serious as well as the silly. This week, Memphis will also host the third International Conference on Elvis Presley, with academics from as far away as Australia debating such weighty topics as Elvis's role as a young revolutionary American, and "2001: Elvis and the Apocalypse." Sales of his records have passed the one billion mark (more than any other recording



artist), and RCA has just released a new four-CD, 100-song set called *Elvis Presley Platinum: A Life in Music*. The number of those making the trek to Graceland each year has reached 700,000. Fan clubs number close to 500 around the world and include people of every age and profession. One club in Washington led by Elvis in Capital Hill counts politicians, lobbyists and journalists as members. Elvis buffs are sick of being stereotyped as pre-35s, leers and don't know who they are. "We have doctors and professors," says Cynthia Sylvia, president of the 300-member Elva Memphis Style club. "It's not like



Depressures in
Collingwood, Ont., the young
musician (left) glitter king
of the '70s, better than ever

we all have our elements stuck in the basement."

And, of course, Elvis is a big business—and growing bigger. When he died, his financial affairs had been so badly run by his managers "Colonel" Tom Parker, that his estate amounted to just \$6 million, with only a few hundred thousand dollars in cash. Twenty years later, Elvis Presley Enterprises, the corporate entity that guards his legacy, presides over a global industry that is worth, by some estimates, as much as \$100 million a year. It has taken over the marketing of Elvis's name and image, and carefully regulates the supply of Elvisabilia—the ubiquitous and blacked Graceland license plates, hand-dog magnets and Heartbreak Hotel beer cans. The company opens that Elvis theme restaurant in Memphis in late July and has ambitious plans for more, at New York City and Las Vegas. An Elvis hotel and convention center, and a museum may follow in Memphis. The market shows no signs of being satiated—4-year-decades later he was on the cutting edge of pop music. "Elvis has an endurance that is truly amazing," marvels Jack Stiles, who runs the company on behalf of Elvis's daughter, Lisa Marie, and his ex-wife, Priscilla.

The heart of Elvis Presley Enterprises is Graceland itself, the house Elvis bought in 1957 when he was already the biggest sensation ever



for Memphis when he was 18. Graceland, which from the outside bears a fair resemblance to a grand old southern mansion, represented as much success as it could imagine.

Inside, the decor is equally revealing. Stained glass peacocks, royal blue brocade curtains, a bright yellow upholstered bar on the basement TV room, green art carpet on walls and even ceilings, and the famous Jungle Room, full of ornate chandeliers covered with fake animal fur and a maze-waterfall illuminated by yellow floodlights. At the head of crocheting horneat that earned Elvis the sobriquet of the "Bitch" folk who loved to bite him during his bit, jill-popping, jammie-and-seagulls years, when he crowned heady times for the cosmic crowd—the Vegas Elvis. But it ends on the floor to those who ap-

POP CULTURE

pretite that he never lost touch with his roots. "Elvis knew where he came from," says Janette McCord, who knew the Presley family in Tupelo and runs the foundation that has preserved his birthplace (100,000 people visit it each year). "Rich as he was, he never left us."

He never left us. Those are, of course, those who claim he really never died, that he faked his death and works at a 7-Eleven in Texas or in a gas station in Saskatchewan. More common are those who believe Elvis has a continuing presence beyond the grave, a thempuic or even spiritual quality that acts him apart from the likes of James Dean or Jim Morrison, other dead celebrities who have achieved cult status. The book will explore Graceland, covered with graffiti that is viewed as gruffly as it is washed off "Elvis Rules." "Thank you Elvis, for prayers answered," they meet at the Kmart." Vernon Chadwick, an English professor who wrote the introduction to *Dear Elvis: Love Graceland*, a collection of the wall writings, analyzes the feeling behind them this way: "Elvis is a universal umbilical—connecting, interceding, offering solutions to problems that made us more mortal. He is lover, parent, friend, redeemer—a cosmic go-between capable of breaking boy and girl, husband and wife, the living and the dead, the secular and the sacred."

Chadwick organized the first International Conference on Elvis in 1985 while he was teaching at the University of Mississippi. Scholars spent a week exploring Elvis's roots and the stigma of the "rebel" label, as well as his fusion of white gospel and country traditions with black music. Chadwick himself dismantled the parallels between Herman Melville's *Moby-Dick* and Elvis's *Howl* novels. Both he argued, caused the Southern born child and native man.

The conference attracted lots of attention—not least because it also featured such performers as a kabuki Elvis impersonator called Elvis Horekawa. The university got cold feet; other professors argued that it was becoming an object of ridicule. A second Elvis conference was to be held last summer, but the university withdrew its sponsorship for this year's version, which was being held as an art college in Memphis. Wane. Chadwick came up for tenure last fall and lost his teaching position—because, he says, of the raging fight over Elvis, the white boy who made good and who does not, as well with other southerners trying to put as much distance as possible between themselves and their heritage. To Chadwick, that just proves his point. That Elvis is well worth scholarly study. "Elvis is lightning rod for the conflicts and controversies of American culture. He's either a global icon or a miserable pig. I was into the buzz of that controversy."

This week's conference will feature a "multicultural Elvis"—the spirit as grand unifier, capable of reconciling race, generation and class: a Robert Lopez, a Minnie Avera (impersonator who performs under the name O'Jays), will address his relevance to Lat-

ino culture. Larry Geller, Elvis's onetime hairdresser and occasional spiritual adviser, will talk about him as a "seeker"—bewildered by his own fame, searching for the answer to why a poor teenager from an obscure Mississippi town was touched by such celebrity. Geller is the one who gave Elvis his hair he was reading in the bath room when he died. The *Scientific Secret* for the *Fire of Love*. The argument that Elvis does not belong in soul dance will be addressed by William McCarter, Haverford, a professor of English at North Carolina State Uni-

Elvis is religion—and big business



Road at Graceland: 75,000 worshippers and curious folk are expected to converge on Memphis this week

versity who also has what he calls a "secret life" as an Elvis impersonator. Chadwick believes little interest in *The King* is going to be able to start. Chadwick cruises this winter combining entertainment with study of Elvis in partnership with a Toronto company, Galaxy Tours.

The academy may spend days discussing Elvis's appeal, but the men who first recognized it says it was obvious. Sam Phillips, legendary pioneer of rhythm and blues, founded Sun Studio in Memphis in the early 1950s and recorded such blues giants as B. B. King and Howie Wolf. Sun Studio still stands on Union Avenue—a deceptively nondescript little building that is one of the most significant stops on any pilgrimage through Elvis country. It was there, in July 1954, that Elvis had his first recording session and Phillips heard him die a version of an old Arthur Crage (and it is under, that's all right). Phillips had predicted he could make millionaires "I could find a white boy who could sing with a black sound." When he heard Elvis give a rock of soul music to that song, he knew he had found the voice that would revolutionize popular music. "Any damn kid could tell he had the innate ability to give a song the hot new and the power of what he was saying," Phillips says.

Phillips is 74 now, an intense, bearded figure, still proud of his trailblazing role in bringing black music out of the atomic ghetto and introducing it to a mass white audience. He has gone down in rock history as the man who discovered Elvis, but he is also the man who sold Elvis's contract to RCA in the end of 1955 for \$25,000 (\$1.5)—just before he scored into record stores. Phillips doesn't

the money to keep Sun Studio afloat and continue recording singers like Carl Perkins, Jerry Lee Lewis and Johnny Cash. Since then, he has made a lot of his living about Elvis's enduring appeal. Phillips says on Elvis's death: the silence young singer he knew was immense and final. And he says Elvis "would not be out of that damn hole in Graceland if anyone thought he was some kind of messiah."

But like many people who know Elvis, or have spent time thinking about him, Phillips slips into language that has over-ly religious overtones. "Elvis Presley," he says with the emphatic cadence of his native Alabama, "had an evangelical quality about him that goes beyond having a beautiful voice. It doesn't command you to listen. It tempts you, and it also says,



Road: Elvis still inspires Canadians from coast to coast, creating age and language barriers

in essence, 'Can't you feel me?'" Elvis, he continues, "had this intangible thing. You can't explain it. I can't explain it. The great problem about this world can't explain it. That's why it's so great." Janette McCord, who produces one of the Presley house in Tupelo, uses similarly evocative language. When Elvis died, she says, "we knew we were at the middle of an earth-shaking miracle."

Don't lose, himself—and, at the heart of it all, an unbreakable mystery. No wonder so many people have found echoes of something much bigger than celebrity worship at the heart of Elvis Culture. And he wonder, perhaps, that Paul MacLeod at Graceland Live in Holly Springs, halfway between the Elvis mecca of Memphis and Tupelo, became obsessed with Elvis. His collection of Elvis memorabilia goes back 40 years, filling not only the museum but stage walls in three other stores. Seven years ago, his wife, Serita, gave him an ultimatum: "She told me to decide—either the Elvis collection. 'I'll not be broke.' I paid for her goodness, and that was that."

Now, the visitors to Graceland 25 keep coming—110,000 down from 100,000 the world by gold records since the house opened in an Elvis museum in 1991. Paul MacLeod has chosen the front he will be based on a gold record set dedicated to the Elvis years. But for now, the work of celebrating *The King* goes on all day and through the night, and Paul knows he has to do something big. With a quiet satisfaction, he says: "That was never gonna end." □

CANUCKS AND THE KING

Black Sabbath. Motley Crue. It was "that Satanic shit!" The Thriller. They were listening to that drive Roy. Don't Arthur. But to begin impersonating Elvis publicly in the early 1980s. And over the years, the Anglican minister's inspiration to lead teenagers to the land through *The King* has evolved into another calling. Now pastor of a conventional congregation in Sudbury, Ont., every August and a full-time school education teacher in the Toronto area, Butler has developed a third person to occupy his spare time: Elvis Presley, an immortal man of the cloth who looks and sounds a lot like Presley. Last last month, at the third annual Canadian Elvis

Tribe and Convention in Collingwood, Ont., 150 km northwest of Toronto, 42-year-old Blaster—dressed in traditional Anglican robes but sporting Elvis-style hair and sideburns—led about 150 couples through a renewal of their marriage vows. Before some 1,500 onlookers gathered at Harbourview Park, the minister instructed the couples to "remember the beauty and solemnity of that great day" when they were first married. Then, Blaster began to cry, in a full-on version of *The King's* *Can't Help Falling in Love*. Later, he explained his reverence for *The King*: "I feel heard the message of the gospel through Elvis's music."

The Collingwood gathering, which drew 60,000 devotees this year, is Canada's biggest Elvis phenomenon. But also for *The King* confessions across the country. Graceland has at least a half-dozen fan clubs from coast to coast, as well as more than 60 amateur and professional Elvis impersonators—or "Elvis," as they call themselves. They include middle-aged men wearing the flower-potter jumpsuits of Presley's later years, and younger ones sporting Hawaiian shirts belated to evoke the young Elvis of the Blue Hawaii period. There is even a group of female King tribute artists, *The Gracelanders*, in Bramford, Ont. The mission of these Elvis clubs, apart from—in many cases—making a living? "To keep the legacy alive," says Roy Adams, 36, a professional impersonator who, upon his return from Collingwood, was greeted at the airport airport by 200 his admirers. "I think Elvis changed the world," insists Adams, who took up his profession, in part, he says, because "a lot of folks never got to see Elvis in concert."

Elvis's enduring appeal comes linguistic boundaries. *The Elvis Story*, a biographical musical with songs in English and dialogue in French, has played to 150,000 people in Quebec City over the past three summers. In English version is moving to Toronto this fall. "I see people in their 35s crying all the time," says Martin Farfante, the 32-year-old who plays *The King*. "It's obvious that for them to have seen something that touched them so deeply when they were young."

The Elvis obsession also transcends age. When nine-year-old Charles Bryan heard about the Collingwood convention on the radio in his home town of Mount Hope, Ont., he started going his hair to look like sideburns. Though his parents, who are not Presley fans, were perplexed, they agreed to bring Charles to Collingwood, where he won the title-top contest. For Charles, the music of Elvis has untold powers. "When I was 5, I was sad," he recalls. "I listened to Elvis, and in a few minutes I wasn't sad. Every time I listen to Elvis, I don't feel sad anymore."

JUDITH ABRAMSON is in Collingwood with MARK CARROLL, in Quebec City.

Education

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The learning fields

As a young man sails down on a summer morning, dangling their legs from the back of a gleeking truck as it bounces along a rutted farm road, two are sisters, Ana Maria and Maria Dolores Gutierrez, have come from Mateles, Mexico, to visit their mother, Delina, who lives and works on the fruit farm of David and Mary Gibson, just outside Ticonderoga. Gut, 60, is keen of Toronto. The third woman is Karen Douglas, an education student at Lakehead University in Thunder Bay. Gut This summer, Douglas has signed up for what she calls "the most difficult job of my life." She is a teacher-labourer.

in a day

Product manager, *Conde* is the oldest national literary organization. From 7 a.m. to 5:30 p.m., Monday to Saturday, Douglas works the fields of the Gibson farm, making constant conversation with the Guatemalan and other Mexican workers. Her pay is \$2 an hour. Two evenings a week, Douglas and Karen Seife, a recent graduate of Tufts University in Hallowell, monitor their remaining energy to give formal English lessons to 30 visiting workers with whom they share a corrugated metal boardinghouse. "This is a 'city slicker goes back' kind of deal," says Douglas, her clothes covered in

fast, her fingers stained with raspberry juice. "I'm used to eating fast food and shopping in malls."

Now in its 18th year, the labour-teacher program is just one of the many efforts undertaken by the 18,000 volunteers of Frontier College, Canada's self-styled "university on wheels." Among Frontier's most prominent programs are roughly 700 "reading circles" that meet in homes, libraries, parks and children to work together on literacy skills, Beat the Street, which focuses on homeless youth in downtown Toronto, and the Prison Literacy Program, in which university students work one-on-one with inmates of prisons and jails. "Our aim," says Frontier spokesman Brent Powell, "has been to reach the people who are most hard to reach."

Ever since Frontier College was founded, the teacher-laborer program has helped thousands of Canadian immigrants, as well as those visiting the country to work for shorter periods. Originally Frontier's only outreach program, it was the brainchild of students at Queen's University, in Kingston, Ont., who in 1909 began working alongside laborers in mines, on railroad gangs and in lumber camps throughout Ontario, helping

synagogues find their footing in a new home. Over the years, as it expanded across the country, the program has attracted teacher laborers who later gained prominence in many fields. Among them: missionary Norman Bethune, former Ontario premier David Peterson, B.C. members of Parliament Steven Robson and American politicians Benjamin Smole.

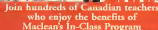
As the teachers have changed, so has the program's focus, now concentrating exclusively on farm laborers. Starting with just one teacher in 1960, the farm program has since grown to include 60 students in the current semester, working and teaching in Brazil's Ceará, Maranhão, Mato Grosso, Goiás and Oaxaca. There are plans to hire 150 teachers-laborers in 1998. And while the program demands hard work of those who participate, it received applications from more than 500 university students this spring—a level of demand that shows organizers are increasingly able to look for people with the highly specific qualifications they need and show students reasons for other cultures, "a new mission." The study-abroad program is also abroad at sea: port and dock community volunteers come home to "home."

For many, the benefits can easily outweigh the heavy demands of harvesting in the harvest. Still, those degrees in Spanish, including to Mexico this fall to take part in a seven-month, federally funded internship in the nonprofit sector. The Frontier experience, she says, is giving her a chance to brush up on her Spanish while getting exposure to Mexican culture. "And," she says, "it brought my sense of challenge." The Gibsons, meanwhile, say the interns have been a welcome addition to their farm, working alongside the resident Mexican workers to bring in the berries, tomatoes, pumpkins and apples. "It works our hands," says David Gibson. "If a farmer's money or other gets screwed up by Mexico, Karen can help them fix it up. It's useful."

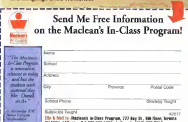
Among those who will return to Mexico from the Gilson farm is Octavio in Pablo Maangu, 49, a compact man in a straw hat and sneakers who has worked in Canada every season since 1984. He will return to his family in San Antonio Abasco in November, with about \$8,500 in his pocket. For three years, Maangu has been slowly improving his English skills—and this spring had his first conversation with his employer: "Every time you get a new word, you move forward," says Maangu. "If you don't understand something, you can fight a bit with the English."

boys." From his stooped position in the field, Murga calls out to Stille in Spanish: "Karma, how do you say in English, 'I need to go around those jaws again'?" Sweating, exhausted, she calls back: "Pablo, it's I don't know, it's I don't know." In the farms and fields of Frontier College, even water breaks are a good time to learn.

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Murder in Cold Lake

Where can abused women go to be safe?

When Carol Meredith walked out on her husband, Barclay MacPhee in early June, she may have believed she was leaving her problems behind. She soon discovered she had traded an unbearable marriage for shorter terms. On July 28, Meredith was driven to a remote area near Calgary, sexually assaulted and dropped off at a shopping mall. With a warrant issued for MacPhee's arrest,

Meredith fled to her sister's house in Cold Lake, almost 900 km northwest of Calgary. But before it is a 10 on an 11, less than nine hours after her arrest, she was dragged, screaming, from her assigned haven. According to Cold Lake RCMP, a man beat her sleeping brother, attacked her sister, and forced Meredith—clad only in a T-shirt and underwear—out of the house.

Witnesses saw the man pull Meredith by the hair for half a block down one of Cold Lake's busiest streets before shoving her into a grey van with driving windows. Meredith, 29, did not live to realize her dream of a fresh start. Police found her body six days after she was kidnapped, dead, from a blow to the head and discarded in a grey van hidden by dense brush about 50 km from MacPhee, also 29, who had been arrested about three hours after he tried to buy a bus ticket to Edmonton, faces charges of first-degree murder, kidnapping and the attempted murder of his estranged wife's brother, Gord.

By compelling everyone close to Meredith, the crime also exposed a deeper truth—that despite government decisions and police crackdowns, Canadians have little faith progress towards eliminating domestic violence. Declaring crime rates have killed the repression family life is getting safer. A Statistics Canada survey released last month concludes that domestic violence against women have dropped by 10 per cent since 1993. But people who work with battered women dispute the figure. "In anything, we see an increase," says Mary Loughhead, an executive of the Calgary Women's Emergency Shelter Association. The masked at the Calgary centre grew 11 per cent last year and 12

per cent in 1995, a trend Loughhead attributes to greater awareness of the potential dangers. "More women are thinking of their personal safety," she says. "They seem to be coming in earlier now, before the police are involved."

That is Loughhead's explanation of the declining Statistics Canada numbers. Other sources are more disturbing. A police campaign against domestic abusers may, ironically,



Meredith, MacPhee (far right) in RCMP custody; witnesses saw a man drag her from her sister's home.

have made women more reluctant to call authorities. Officers on duty police forces are now under orders to press charges, even if the victim does not want to. But many women then fear what will happen later. "Women are afraid to press charges, and when they do go to court the punishment does not fit the crime," said Sherrice Harris, co-ordinator of the New Brunswick Coalition of Transition Houses. "The guy gets a fine or 30 days in jail, then he is an angry and things are worse for the women."

Advocates also argue that government cuts to legal aid and women's services have put abused spouses at greater risk. In a chapter of increased awareness, says Patricia Koutouros, women's shelter co-ordinator for the Sheriff King Family Support Centre in Calgary, more women are taking the initiative to leave, but fewer have a safe haven or information about how best to protect them-

selves. "While the relationship is over for the abused partner, it is possible to move over for the abuser and so the risk level can go up," she says. Women constantly make the mistake of seeking refuge with family members, adds Koutouros, where they can easily be found.

By all accounts, Meredith's and MacPhee's separation came as a surprise to those who knew them. They met about 10 years ago. She worked as a trust company teller in Wetaskiwin, 70 km south of Edmonton. He was building a reputation as an on-ice tough guy with the Hawks junior hockey team in nearby Hobbema. After three years, they eloped to Las Vegas. Friends say they went everywhere together—the casino, 1995 Meredith alongside her retiring, six-foot, one-inch, 220-lb. husband. As recently as May, they returned together to Las Vegas. While MacPhee sometimes worked as a su-

per and proof up odd jobs, the only obvious problem, recalls his mother, Shirley, was a chronic shortage of money. However, Meredith shattered any illusion of marital harmony when she announced she was leaving and asked her in-laws to break the news to MacPhee. They did and, for a month, his family deflected her estranged husband's attempts to contact her.

Late last week, Cold Lake RCMP were trying to trace MacPhee's movements after Meredith was grabbed from her sister's place. They suspect he spent time in the van before checking into a Cold Lake motel Aug. 3, two days before his arrest. People who work with battered women are watching the investigation closely. In the hope that it will provide some lessons in how to prevent other tragedies.

ANITA ELASH

Health MONITOR

Smoking and babies

A international study, involving researchers at the Atlanta-based Center for Disease Control and Prevention, along with experts in Sweden and at Montreal's McGill University, has found a strong link between maternal cigarette smoking and sudden infant death syndrome. The study, published in the *American Journal of Epidemiology*, found that SIDS rates among the ethnic and racial groups in the United States and Sweden emerged from 8 to three deaths for every 1,000 births. But among babies from all groups whose mothers smoked 10 or more cigarettes daily during pregnancy, the rate was between 2.3 and 3.8. The researchers did not speculate about how maternal smoking leads to SIDS.



SOOTHING SEAWEED: Taranvian Eric Carver follows the lead of millions since 1912 who have flocked to the picturesque village of Seal Cove on Ireland's west coast for seaweed baths, reputed to soothe overworked muscles and other aches and pains. The mossy Victorian huts are filled with heated Atlantic seawater and only, indoor-ocean seaweed gathered from rocks on the local beach.

The womb factor

Some American researchers are suggesting that the environment of the womb may be as important as prenatal care in determining a child's future intelligence. Reviewing more than 200 earlier studies of intelligence in twins and adopted children at Pittsburgh's Carnegie Mellon University and the University of Pittsburgh, researchers concluded that, while genes certainly determine

about half of a child's intelligence, environment—including conditions in the womb—must account for the rest. In the study, published in the *British journal of Medical Sciences*, the researchers noted that little is known about how environmental factors might influence fetal development. But they noted that earlier studies have shown that diet and alcohol, narcotics and smoking are capable to any role.

Avoiding repeat surgery for angina

A discovery at the Montreal Heart Institute may prove a boon for people suffering from angina—a potentially fatal condition caused by the narrowing of arteries in the heart. Researchers at the institute found that a drug originally used to control cholesterol levels is effective in preventing reoperations as patients who under-

go the procedure known as angioplasty, in which tiny balloons are inserted and inflated to widen arteries. Surgeons perform the operation on about 20,000 Canadians a year. But about 40 per cent of angioplasty patients experience a re-narrowing of the artery within six months. In a report published in *The New England Journal of Medicine*, cardiologists Jean-Guy Gosselin and Gilles Gobeil said that patients given the drug probucol before surgery and for six months afterwards had half the rate of

artery re-contraction experienced by patients who did not receive the drug. The researchers predicted that drug could save the Canadian health-care system about \$17.5 million annually by making repeat operations unnecessary. Laval, Que.-based Hoescht Marion Roussel Canada Inc. withdrew the drug from the shelves last year after it was superseded by a new generation of cholesterol-lowering agents. Company officials said they were considering whether it should be reintroduced.



Trent Frayne

Young phenoms with nerves of steel

The media guide for the pro golf tour notes that the way to pronounce Stewart Clark's surname is this: *Stark*. So, Clark is a mighty odd name and the media guide wants to stamp out obfuscation. Sports mavericks so fast these days that unknowns become legends overnight.

Think of Justin Leonard, the 25-year-old stoic who won the British Open on the links of Royal Troon last month. Think of Gustavo Kuerten, the Brazilian hero in tennis, the French Open champion. And think of the game's new queen, Martina Hingis, all of 26. Youthful, all of them, performing with nerves of steel, knowing how to win under all scrutiny.

In Montreal in early August at the Canadian Open, the wacky Kuerten, unknown three months ago before winning Paris, devastated the human rubber ball Michael Chang. No. 2 in the world, 23, 6'1". The same week in California, the child queen Hingis beat the once-great Mats Wilander for the fifth straight time. Jeaghterling her 1997 record to 54 matches won and one match lost, excluding Grand Slam triumphs at Wimbledon and the Australian Open.

How do they get it this way, apparently child-like to greatness? It turns out, as a matter of fact, some. Michael Chang and Mats Wilander, legendary Tiger Woods, would figure it all, were named by parents convincing them almost from birth that they're invincible. As cardiologists, they expect to win, aren't awed by the prospect.

Other winners did other wins. For instance, when last seen the aforementioned Clark is up to his calves in the rough at the Greater Hartford Open. He's the leader by a shot and it's the 71st hole. At the clubhouse stands his wife, Lisa, with three too small

kids. Also awaiting the winner is a sobering cheque for \$273,000 (11.5%). So, 148 yards from the pin, all Clark has to do to provide the take with Wilander's money is clear a hole in front of the green. If he's short, he's in danger, if he's long, the ball flies beyond a narrow green.

In Clark's mind? No. He pulls out a nine-iron and hits an almost perfect shot. The ball clears the lake, lands on the green and rolls right in easy putting distance of the cup. And when Clark puts the final hole he has won for the first time on the PGA Tour.

Soon a breathless TV microphone wants to know about the shot. "Boy, that was a tough one," says Clark. "I hit that, a driving Alexander with a club, despite... I think I had to make it if I was going to win. But I thought, I might never be in this position again. Might as well go for it."

The seifert, beer-keg Clark scoops up his two kids. He adds that the example of his friend Justin Leonard winning at Troon helped, too. Physically, little Justin is no match for big Clark, seven inches

shorter and 45 lb. lighter. But mentally he's a winner who has also prospered by the example of others.

At Troon he told Canadian premier golf writer, Larne Robertson: "Having seen Tiger Woods do so well, and not only Tiger but Ernie Els and others also, maybe I thought it's OK to go out and win a tournament like this being the age I am. So maybe that was in the back of my mind."

Mention of Tiger, of course, introduces the most phenomenal story golf's history has told: Earl, a low-mid-colour in the Green Berets who made two years of duty in the Vietnam War, recalls how Tiger (his square name is Eldrick) at 11 months stood in his crib with a sword-eel club and imitated his father's golf swing, and how at 4 he won money from disbelieving golfers 30 and 20 years older. And now he seems able to calmly handle enormous expectations, at tennis and golf.

He's helped, apparently, by peace in Barb childhood. His father, Tula, "Tula" has Thai, African, Chinese, American Indian, and Hungarian blood, "Tula" says. He is the "unusual child."

Nothing quite as grand has described the child-queen Martina Hingis but, like the Tiger, she was parent inspired. She was born in Koenigsplatz in what was then Slovenia and named Martina by her Czech mother Milana who Wilander would call Coach, the former champion Novotny's Milana left her husband when Martina was 3 and began coaching her in tennis. She moved to Switzerland when Martina was 7. Now at 16, Martina has remarkable court sense that provides courage and discipline. Her mother schooled her to believe she was born to be No. 1. So she's never surprised when victory beckons.

Unlike Hingis, the English Brazilian Gustavo Kuerten, a spangly tempest of 20, has not been on the tennis scene long enough for his

to know what ignites his resolve. But as CTV commentator Martin Wozniak said, former Canadian No. 1, noted when Kuerten blew away Chang in Montreal: "He goes for his shots, he's not scared, and nobody has a backhand like Kuerten's." Gustavo lost narrowly in the final, losing rallies with a fast-dribbling American, Chris Woodruff, at 24 an engaging study himself.

Until recent months, Woodruff owned a big gun but an inability to finish off opponents. He had turned pro in 1990, coming out of the University of Tennessee at 20, won a major \$123,000 in four years on the tour. Then he retreated to his tennis life in a sports psychology clinic that got him his shots, he's not scared, and nobody has a backhand like Kuerten's. Gustavo lost narrowly in the final, losing rallies with a fast-dribbling American, Chris Woodruff, at 24 an engaging study himself.

In the Montreal final, handling Kuerten, he set correct double changeovers with a white towel draped over his head and shoulders, his mind wrapped in concentration. There he'd go out and hammer winners.

New Staff's psychologist.

People

Edited by
BARBARA WICKENS

A first lady is flying high

With the summer movie *Air Force One* heading for the blockbuster stratosphere, Canadian actor **Wesley Crownson** is about to become the first lady. Crownson plays the First Lady opposite Harrison Ford, who stars as a U.S. president defying Kazakhstan terrorists who have hijacked the White House's 747. "Flying was an incredible experience—it was so different from anything I had done before," says Crownson, a staple of such recently budgeted Canadian TV fare as *Never Felt* and *Love of Girls* and *Whore*. "I mean, this was big picture." Houston-born Crownson, 40, who now lives in San Francisco with her husband, character actor **Michael McKelvey**, and their two young children, is forthright about how she landed her part in *Air Force One*. "It's small enough that any big name was not interested," she said while shopping in Toronto as made to her family's cottage on Georgian Bay. "But it was enough of a part that they really needed somebody who had done a few things. I could slide right in there."

As for leading man Ford, Crownson has nothing but praise—especially for his willingness to do his own stunts. In a fight scene with the terrorists, he asked co-star **Gary Oldman** to rally his idea. "Harrison was like, 'I can't recall,' the same day he had that huge shower, and I was like, 'Well, I'll go.' " Crownson ended up with a few bruises of her own, again thanks to Oldman. At one stage dur-



ing the filming, he held a gun. "I was scared, pan to her head for four days. 'He would give it an extra job for emphasis,' she says, rubbing her temple at the memory.

There have been other uncomfortable moments since. Crownson and Murphy were to attend the Washington premiere of *Air Force One* with the real first lady in air attire. But because of bad weather, the plane circled the U.S. capital for hours, and by the time it landed, the party was over. Crownson says she was disappointed. "In my Canadian way, I thought, 'Serves you right, you were far too excited about this.' "

Passion à la Portuguese

First-time novelist **Erica de Vasconcelos** has certainly had a little luck on her side. When the Toronto-based director of the film *My Darling Clementine* (1996) met her in June, 1995, powerful literary agent **Janet Turkel** knew she was among the gathering.

When de Vasconcelos mentioned her own writing, Turkel—wife of novelist **John Irving**—asked to see the book. She loved it and sold it to **Knopf Canada**, which recently published *My Darling Clementine* as a tale of three generations of passionate Portuguese women. But the author who is engaged to marry **Ricco** on Sept. 34, does not want to leave the impression that getting published was simply a case of whom she knows. "I would have happened anyhow," says de Vasconcelos, 32, noting that another agent was keen. "Maybe not as quickly and dramatically, but I would have happened."



de Vasconcelos: luck

Bach to the garden

Boston's loss in Toronto's game. Since 1992, world-renowned artist **Yo-Yo Ma** has been working on inspired by Bach, an one-hour television program based on **A. S. Packer's** *Six Suites for Solo Cello*. In each episode of the series, produced by award-winning Rhombus Media of Toronto, Ma explores the creative process in collaboration with artists from different disciplines, from French British Olympic ice-dancing champions **Laurie Rinaldi** and **Christopher Beal** to Japanese Kabuki performer **Tamashiro Renshi**. An installment called *The Music Garden*, in which U.S. landscape designer **John M. Messing** plans a Bach-inspired garden, was originally plotted for filming in Ma's home town of Boston. But when financial and bureaucratic wrangling meant that the project would not be built in that city, Ma looked for another place to develop it. In Toronto, **Jim Beck**, president of the Art Gallery of Ontario, pitched in with land-courtesy, guaranteeing \$1 million from a group of enthusiastic citizens. Filming wrapped late last month on the 1.28-hectare waterfront site, where construction of Messing's garden should finish next summer. "It's been a long haul to this special place," said Ma, 42. "But boy, it's worth it."



Ma: a "special place"

Allan Fotheringham

A rating of Premiers-By-the-Sea

So, you see, we are on the fabulous shores of the Bay of Fundy, in downtown St. John's-By-the-Sea, where a bright young thing asks who is the most intelligent of the 10 premiers gathered herein.

This is an intelligent question, requiring an intelligent answer, since the 10 smartest premiers of this confused nation are gathered at the world's problems—when they are not playing golf.

We first of all have to eliminate Pat Harris, the one and only ruler of Prince Edward Island, the principality of misgovernment, it having the approximate population of New Westminster. He became premier only last year, and your faithful scribbler does not know him, save for a brief handshake at a lobster boil on the beach.

Glen Clark of B.C.'s *Aspen*, not someone of personal acquaintance, but of sound reputation from afar. Quite obviously of what could be called the Jack Russell terrier breed of politician. A loner, one suspects, son in the relict of Bernard Russell or John Kenneth Galbraith, but felled by street smarts. One can see him coming out of Brooklyn. Or East Vancouver—it's about the same. This boy will go far, since he's just been re-elected by acclamation. Minister David Anderson.

Brian Tobin, the Newf who has transmigrated from dog policy to Capital Cities. As with Clark, he lives by his wits, a tongue as lively as a flea, still hoping to be PM if a bus runs over both Paul Martin and Frank McKenna.

Gary Filmon of Manitoba is by profession a civil engineer. Later a community college head and—by nature—a gentleman coachman. He, like McKenna, has been a premier for a decade. He sits and watches, and does not become the enemy of anyone.

McKenna himself, boss of the only officially bilingual province, runs New Brunswick as the backstop of Canada, sending high-tech advisers such as telephone companies and UPS from Bay Street and Toronto where one might think they would be more naturally sited. He is aggressive, ambitious and—as with Clark and Tobin—has no intention of falling asleep reading Shakespeare.

Ralph Klein, late of the basement bar parlour in the St. Louis



Hotel in Calgary, has been elevated into the position of a national leader because of the paucity of the brainpower among the men he bumps into at these annual gatherings. He would not mix himself with Einstein, but he finds himself on the nation's stage because of the failure of the insecure leader of what used to be Canada's most powerful province.

Malrey Harvie of Ontario is the most puzzling of the 10 seatless premiers in Canada. Near in all the closest and gold of the largest and richest province he follows in the depths, forever in search of the lowest common denominator. Not endowed intellectually, his

scholastic training being first of a golf pro and slot ball operator, he lurks behind the curtains when constitutional crises appear, displaying all the splendour of a town councillor in the Northwest Territories. Bores of the bay provinces treat him as a dock out of his depth.

Russell Maclean of Nova Scotia does not deserve scrutiny at the moment, he being forced into limbo by only some 15 seconds ago. This gets us down, dear readers, by the process of elimination, to the two most intelligent premiers in the best of all countries (Lacrosse nations included).

Roy Romanow of downtown Saskatchewan is the real state-of-the-art in this cluck, though formerly he did not become a premier until 1991. He has been around the block, as we say. The father of an immigrant from Ukraine, was a socialist in his lifetime who, every election, voted Liberal on the order of his CNE foreman who reminded his railway workers of their debt to the party. And allowed them into the country. And would they like to keep their jobs, or what?

Hollywood handsome Roy, while willing patiently to become the premier of his province that was inevitable, turned down an offered bribe by the Trudeau government to become a member of the cabinet in Ottawa. He is so vain he is the only premier in Canada who will not reveal his birth date to the *Parliamentary Guide*.

Lawson Braithford is by far the best read of all the premiers. He knows the classics, a voracious student of all the great books, in both languages. He has supreme manners—except when he blows up.

Lawrence Martin, impressively making the crowd shift from journalist/foreign correspondent to linguaphile, as to publish next month a study of Braithford that will reveal not only his obvious intelligence but his sudden—and wild—shifts in mood.

In the blotted copypaste our readings of St. Andrew's-by-the-Sea, he shows the same independence. Controlling his temper, hanging in when he could have walked out, he gives the impression of a guy who wants to keep one foot within the tent, hoping to find a solution to our dilemma.

One can only wonder why a man so intelligent would want to break up the best country on earth.

IT TAKES TIME.

UNBELIEVABLY SMOOTH WHISKY.



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